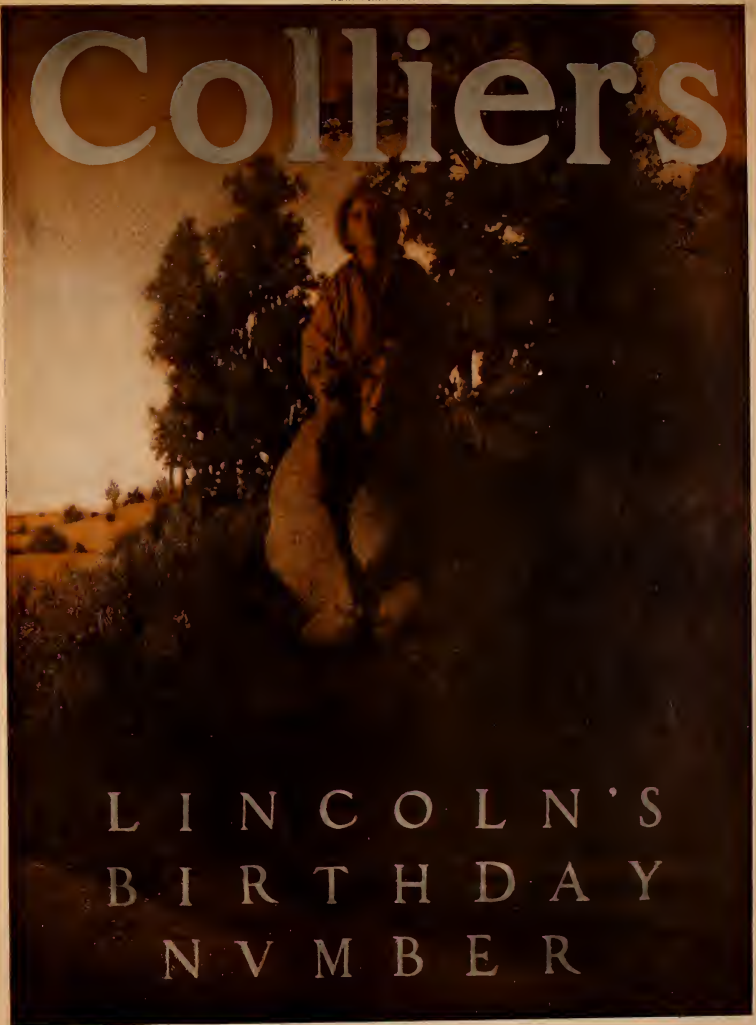
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Collier's



LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY NVMBER

VOL XXXVI NO 20 FEBRUARY 10 1906 PRICE 10 CENTS

REO



REO Touring-car, 16 horse-power, 1600 pounds, 90 inch wheel base Four or five passengers Side-door detachable tonneau. 35 miles per hour. $1250

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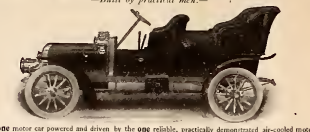
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SPECIFICATIONS

Model: A.
Price: $2,800 f. o. b. Detroit
Body: "Side Entrance" Tonneau. Front doors (easily detached and complete without them).
Color: Royal Blue.
Seating Capacity: Five persons.
Total weight: 2,000 pounds.
Wheel base: 104 inches.
Wheel tread. 56 inches.
Tire dimensions, front: 4 x 34.
Tire dimensions, rear: 4 x 34.
Steering: Worm and nut.
Brakes: Two (rear hub) and transmission.
Gasoline capacity: 20 gallons.
Frame: Pressed steel.
Motor power: 24 h. p.
Number of cylinders: Four.
Cylinders arranged: Vertical in line.
Cooling: Air.
Ignition: Jump spark with storage battery.
Drive: Shaft, bevel gear.
Transmission: Sliding gear.
Speeds: Three speeds forward and reverse.
Clutch: Leather-faced cone clutch.
Road clearance: 9 inches.
Style of top: Extension.

DETAIL INFORMATION

¶ The frame is of pressed steel and sufficiently strong so that there is no possibility of its sagging or becoming distorted from the hardest possible use to which the car may be put.

¶ The four cylinders of the motor are cast separately, and are of a peculiar, symmetrical, flanged construction. The bore is 4 inch by 4 inch stroke. Both cylinders and pistons are made of a special gray iron mixture, very hard, fine grained, and close, and without speck or blow hole. The construction of piston and rings is such that it prevents an excess of lubricant accumulating on top of piston, obviating the usual deposit of carbon; generally found on either air or water-cooled motors.

¶ The crank case is in two pieces, and are fine specimens of aluminum castings, with hand-hole plates, making bearings and connecting rods easily accessible to inspection.

¶ The mechanically operated valves, located in the cylinder head, are interchangeable and made of nickel alloy.

¶ The crank shaft is of generous proportions, made from high carbon steel, hammered, forged, rough-turned and ground to size. Phosphor bronze and nickel Babbitt bearings, of ample wearing surface, are found throughout the motor.

¶ The commutator is placed in a vertical position, which is very accessible. Both primary and secondary wiring are incased in fibre tubs.

¶ Carburetor is thoroughly automatic, making starting almost instantaneous and fuel consumption very economical.

¶ Lubrication is of the splash system, through the agency of a Hill Precision Oiler.

¶ (In addition to the peculiar construction of the cylinders to facilitate air cooling, a 15-inch fan is used, the six blades of which are made of sheet brass. It is carried on Hess-Bright ball bearings. The construction of this fan is theoretically and practically correct, the blast being concentrated directly on the cylinders. Running on a still day, the fan is unnecessary, the motor cooling entirely by the movement of the car. Some of these motors have been run 3,500 miles, without an adjustment to the connecting rod or bearings being necessary

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Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout
$750, f. o. b. Detroit

The qualities upon which this unparalleled growth is based are more pronounced than ever in the magnificent new cars for 1906. Embodied in these are many unique and important improvements — improvements which make the

CADILLAC

conspicuous for its ***individual*** merit.



Model M, Light Touring Car
$950, f. o. b. Detroit

Among them is a wonderful mechanical feed lubricator which supplies oil to the motor in quantities which vary according to the speed of the engine, when properly adjusted, always feeding enough, never too much or too little. The new rocker joint on the front spring allows the car to pass over obstacles several inches in height without transmitting any material jar to the car, insuring a maximum of riding comfort and a minimum liability to breakage.

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Model M, Light Touring Car, $950
Model H, 30 h. p. Touring Car, $2,500
Model L, 40 h. p. Touring Car, $3,750
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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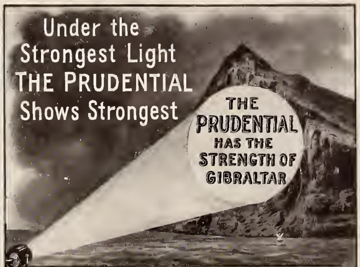
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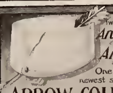
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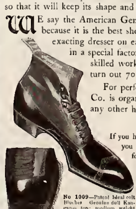


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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE ROUGH RIDER: "SAN JUAN HILL IS NOT IN IT WITH THIS BRUTE!"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



FREEDOM OF CRITICISM is a privilege of our newspapers which is in no danger of being taken away. It is too essential a part of political liberty and social and economic progress. It is too essential to freedom of mind and alertness of mental life. As every advantage has its shadow, so personal gossip, mean detective scandal, and false romance in criminal news come along as evils in the train of freedom, and some papers there are of which the very existence means both cruelty and putrefaction. But when the liberties and the license of journalism come before our courts and juries, there is seldom difficulty in drawing clearly the line that divides abuse from justice. To-day more than ever the organs of opinion throughout this land are assured that for honest and careful comment on men and acts of public moment no punishment is likely to fall upon them.

DUTIES OF THE PRESS

Such comment is their duty, for they are guardians of the people's welfare, as surely as are teachers, statesmen, or ministers of the gospel. A high mission is theirs, a privilege, a call, and with every editor or newspaper owner should be ever the devotion and the responsibility that good men feel when power over others lies within their hands. A man who uses the vast power of publicity to harm the public for his own gain, or recklessly and selfishly to injure individuals, is as wicked as an immoral clergyman or venal office-holder. Little to enforce journalistic standards can be done by law. Most of it must be done by the opinion of men and women, by encouragement of good, by refusal to cooperate with ill.

MEMORIES OF GREAT MEN are recognized everywhere as an enrichment and exaltation of general life. Models are needed not only in knowledge, business, and art, but in the conduct of life, in ideals, in personality and character. And our great men live more actually for posterity when their environment also is kept alive. The little things about them, the houses they lived in, their very clothes, increase the vividness of possession's acquaintance, even as actually to know a man in his personal setting is different from hearing the principal things that he has done. Therefore is it that Mount Vernon is one of America's dearest treasures. Therefore is it that if, on this opportune occasion, LINCOLN's birthplace can be turned over to a national popular association, like the one which controls the home of WASHINGTON, something will have been done to increase the treasures

MEMORIALS

> "Deposited upon the silent shore
> Of memory, images, and precious thoughts,
> That shall not die, and can not be destroyed."

Our own part in this preserving step is not to last. The suggestion only is what comes from us, the seizure of the passing opportunity, and we rapidly disappear, leaving the people to tend what is wholly theirs.

AMERICA'S GREAT MEN in the field of public service far surpass, in number and importance, those whom we have produced in any other line—in history, literature, science, or art. It was GLADSTONE's opinion that nowhere at any time had there been gathered together a group of statesmen to equal those who surrounded WASHINGTON—FRANKLIN, HAMILTON, JEFFERSON, ADAMS, MADISON, JAY, and a number of others deserving to be ranked with these. Since then we have had others standing high—MARSHALL, WEBSTER, CALHOUN, CLAY—but since WASHINGTON none who equals LINCOLN in significance to the nation. And in humanity, in personal representativeness, in universality of feeling, LINCOLN stands for the people, of all kinds and all places, more than any other of our statesmen of any period. The most humorous of our leaders, he was also most sympathetic and of the deepest charity. "I never heard him utter a complaint," said GRANT, "nor cast a censure." And LOWELL spoke of him as "sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame." Morally, in other words, in attributes of heart, his greatness was preeminent. None of our great men means so much to our hearts as LINCOLN. For none is the love of the people so intimate and so warm. And in none are found so many qualities which can serve as the inspiration of all of us in daily life. "What Lincoln would have done" is the best guide the memory of any American statesman gives to his compatriots to-day, in public or in private walks.

LINCOLN

WHAT MAKES LINCOLN LOVABLE more than any other one thing is the perfect combination of humility and strength. No pride for him, no arrogance, none even of what most people would call self-respect, meaning a care for what other people thought. His inner life was always with realities, things too real, in too just a perspective, for self-appreciation to hold a part. Charity for others was a natural sister to humility about himself, and unfaltering determination was perfectly consistent with both. Pomp and ceremony raised no awe in him. The beating in human veins was what he heard, and heard with a fulness of music that comes only to the richest natures. It is his trueness that we love, the absence of artifice, of convention, of vanity, of any false value: the strength of character and insight, wedded to the simplicity and gentleness of a noble heart.

MODESTY AND STRENGTH

"THE TROUBLE WITH HELL," said SWEDENBORG—that spiritual philosopher, the two hundred and eighteenth anniversary of whose birth has just been quietly celebrated—"is that we shall not know it when we arrive." There is a tendency to believe at present, among a good many, that we are becoming too conscious of the evil that surrounds us; that we are painting this world too much in black. Sometimes, to be sure, the vogue of improvement or reform does overdo its task and become so indiscriminate as to cause reaction or indifference, but such, we believe, is not the nature of the wave of moral feeling that is passing over the United States to-day. It would not surprise us if JAMES BRYCE, who accused Americans of being fatalistic, should in some later edition of his work on our Commonwealth temper that accusation in the light of what has happened since he wrote. It is not some unessential thing that America to-day seeks to change. It is the whole moral tone of life that she seeks to raise. It is selfishness, especially in the form of money greed, that is being struck at. We must take the steps that logically lie before us. The time must surely come, if we are to remain morally alive, when—to take one example—no director or confidential officer of any corporation to speculate in the securities of that company will be dishonor. To reach that higher ethical stage, universal questionings, like those accompanying the birth of new religions, are a necessary step.

IMPROVEMENT

THE NECESSITIES OF MURAL PAINTING demand that the discovery of the North Pole shall be pictorially impressive, something as satisfying as COLUMBUS's first appearance on American soil, with the flag of Spain in one hand, an uplifted sword in the other, knights in armor kneeling behind, and brown savages picturesquely grouped about on either side. Something as well arranged as this is demanded by the thousands of hotel offices, museums, libraries, and railroad stations yet unborn. In view of the fact, one can not survey the activities of contemporary Arctic explorers without certain feelings of dismay. Mr. PEARY is already on his way to the Pole by land, certain that this time he will reach it. Mr. WELLMAN prepares to dash from Spitzbergen, and, by means of a dirigible airship, escape all the embarrassments of water and ice, and fly to the Pole in two days. This, without doubt, is the most dramatic method yet suggested for reaching the Pole. Picture for an instant the intrepid WELLMAN, actually in flight, about to reach his goal. Hawk-eyed he peers out of the bow colloid into naked Arctic space—like Mr. KIPLING's Captain Hodgson in "With the Night Mail"—the dawngust booming on the airship's skin, the G. C. X. lateral indicator giving warning that just behind that bank of clouds stands the Pole, only sixteen kilometres (Fleury scale, parabolic reckoning) ahead. Into the cloud-rack sweeps the airship; holding-clips are loosened, Captain WELLMAN, one foot on the colloid rim, an American flag in his hand, prepares to leap out and claim the Pole. The mist parts, the volt-flurry clearing with it. With a long-drawn *Sumer-r*, the engines purr down, and—there is the Pole; and there, leaning against it, that very instant arrived by land, is the tireless PEARY smoking a long cigar! Endless are the possibilities. There might be animation, action, but where the mellow dignity, the reverent repose of the mural decoration? We hope all will turn out well for novelists, painters, and writers of librettos.

DISCOVERING THE NORTH POLE



THOSE MODERN SCHOLARS who like to dwell upon "the economic interpretation of history" should find a congenial subject in the career of Venezuela under her picturesque ruler, President CASTRO. Everything that happens there has an economic basis. The foreign relations of the Republic consist of attempts on the part of the Government to share the prosperity of exotic capitalists, entailing diplomatic rows with the countries to which those capitalists appeal for protection, with occasional blockades and seizures of custom-houses. Internal politics consists of scrambles among rival statesmen for those parts of the customs revenues which the foreigners have left. Those statesmen who are inside the custom-houses are the Government, and those outside are revolutionists. When Mr. CASTRO presents his gun at the foreign corporations doing business under Venezuelan franchises, some of the coons come down and some do not. The question whether a company so summoned will respond with a subscription or with an appeal for a fleet furnishes one of the most interesting uncertainties of Venezuelan politics. It helps to dispel the *ennui* of life in a perpetual Turkish bath, but it is a little wearing on the great men of temperate climates who have Moroccan conferences, railroad rate bills, and Statehood insurrections to worry over. Why might it not be a good idea to fix a date after which any foreigner setting foot in Venezuela or investing a dollar in a Venezuelan enterprise would do so at his own risk, relieving the overworked statesmen of cooler climes of any responsibility for the things that might happen to him or his money, and leaving large amounts of newspaper space available for matters of more importance to the future of the world?

WHY NOT LET VENEZUELA SIMMER?

THE ONLY FAULT VOLTAIRE had to find with the title of the Holy Roman Empire was that the thing it described was neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire. A similar defect seems to be the only trouble with the definition of the Russian Government in the platform of the Constitutional Democratic Convention. "Russia is a constitutional parliamentary monarchy." There is nothing the matter with that, except that Russia at present is neither constitutional, nor parliamentary, nor a monarchy. It has been a monarchy, and it hopes to be constitutional and parliamentary, but just now it is in a state that does not readily lend itself to accurate definition. Perhaps it might be called a "chaotic elastic despotism," or "an inarticulate handcuffed anarchy." The reluctance of Russian subjects or citizens—it is hard to tell which they should be called—to register as voters for the Duma does not promise the early emergence of a form of government with definite and easily recognizable outlines.

WHAT IS RUSSIA?

TOLSTOY AT SEVENTY-SEVEN is the most impressive figure that breathes upon the earth to-day. A recent graphic interview with this venerable genius, spiritual and of sacred purpose, brings out clearly once more some main points of the faith in which he lives. The return of the land to the peasants is to TOLSTOY of weight infinitely surpassing the importance of any question of government. No government would do as well as any, in his opinion, as Siberia has shown. Great empires followed small states, and now the day of empire nears its close. For the peasants to own less than a third of the land actually cultivated, and less than one-twelfth of the land capable of cultivation, is the foundation evil. This is to make, for the majority, the healthiest moral life impossible. Towns, he thinks, are the places where mankind has begun to rot. Near to the soil is near to GOD. It is in the towns that liberal politicians make the mistake of aiming at English or American constitutions, instead of looking to the future. What, he asks, have Finland, Poland, and the Caucasus to do with Russia? No more than Hungary or Bohemia with Austria, or Canada, India, Ireland, and Australia with England. In other words, the Russian prophet sees in the present troubles more than a disturbance, or even a revolution. He perceives the closing of one age and the dawn of one far better for humanity. Right or wrong, TOLSTOY is now as ever remorselessly ethical in his trend. In SHAKESPEARE he has never discovered any satisfaction, for SHAKESPEARE is no more moral than nature, and seldom appeals to persons in whom the didactic quality swamps the rest.

A PROPHET

THE VERY SOUL OF ART is joy. Even if tragic pictures are drawn, the enthusiastic interest in the world which spurs the creative mind is so full of life and energy that in the midst of pain is ever the higher pleasure of intellect and imagination in its fullest exercise.

> "There is a pleasure in poetic pains
> Which only poets know."

Artists differ, like other men, but the creative writer who becomes as exclusively ethical as Count TOLSTOY, for example, is the exception. SHAKESPEARE is the artist type: not wishing to reconstruct the world, and ram it on a contrary theory, but enjoying it, mirroring it, reflecting or refracting it through his own personality. The foundation of art is love, and a world-poet loves the world. He may, as an exception, be as doctrinaire as TOLSTOY, but one thing he never is, and that is indifferent about it. Indifference is caused by anæmia, and anæmia is the very opposite of art.

LITERATURE AND JOY

AN ENGLISHMAN ASSUMES, even more emphatically than some other human beings, that those ideas with which he is unfamiliar are without significance—that those customs, literary expressions, or modes of thought differing from his own are lower forms. Hence the lofty condescension with which high art is received often in England if it comes without proper introduction, whereas dull and uninspired pillars of the Royal Academy are treated with the respect due to persons known to be all right by mere familiarity. American artists, after they have become cosmopolitan figures, like SARGENT and WHISTLER, are respected, but cases of gross unfairness to our artists when they have to be judged on their merits are not infrequent. Therefore the fact that one of Mr. WINSLOW HOMER'S masterpieces had been hung atrociously in the recent exhibition of the International Society of Painters, Sculptors, and Gravers, in London, caused us no surprise. HOMER is one of the most original and powerful painters in the world to-day, and the location of his picture is made the more incomprehensible by the fact that Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL is on the committee or council; and he was born, at least, in the United States. On an artists' vote on the best painter living in America to-day there would be but one serious rival to HOMER for the highest place; and this is the first time he has ever exhibited in Great Britain. The picture is his "Signal of Distress," lent by the Pennsylvania Academy; and that fact, for one familiar with the work, should be enough to characterize the act.

HOMER IN ENGLAND

TO MAKE A PERFECT WOMAN, runs some fancy or essay which our memory does not place, the head should come from Greece, the shoulders from Italy, the bust from Austria, the complexion from England, the expression from France, the feet from Hindustan, and the walk from Spain. An American, interested in the honor of her land, writes to know what part the United States deserves in a perfect mixture, and argues that our own women, being a mixture of every race, have selected from each the feature of greatest pulchritude. Woman is the only American product whose superiority is disputed nowhere and celebrated by all who cross the ocean or fall before her on the other side. Charming, she is calm: not like the ladies BYRON knew:

THOUGHTS OF IMPORT

> "I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women.
> And pity lovers rather more than seamen."

And of the sex generally this poet said:

> "What a whirlwind is her head,
> And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
> Is all the rest about her."

The heads of American women are as clear as their persons are comely, and in the depths of their emotions no danger lurks, although it was of an American that ARTEMUS WARD said: "My wife is one of the best wimin on the continent, altho' she isn't always gentle as a lamb, with mint sauce." This preeminence is conceded to the American woman, not only by foreigners, but by American husbands themselves, but we would rather base this eminence on her education, mind, and character, than to claim for her greater beauty than is fonnd in Italy or England, for example; for we don't believe she has '.



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René-Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle, spent several years in exploring the Great Lakes, but the achievement which brought him the greatest fame was tracing the Mississippi from its upper courses to its mouth. He accomplished this feat in an ungainly barge built by himself and his followers

THE GREAT EXPLORERS. V—LA SALLE

PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

SECRETARY TAFT has sent to Congress eleven bills embodying a complete scheme of military reorganization prepared by the general staff of the army. ¶The agitation for publicity of campaign contributions is growing. ¶The Republicans and Democrats in the House have united upon a railway rate bill. ¶The insurrection of Republican Representatives against the Administration's Statehood policy has been suppressed. ¶According to Governor Magoon, forty-five thousand men are at work on the Panama Canal. ¶Secretary Bonaparte proposes to deal with hazing at Annapolis by a system of graduated penalties. ¶The revised plan of consolidation of the New York street railroads adds $108,000,000 of water to the capitalization. ¶King Christian of Denmark died January 29. ¶Mr. Jacob Riis and others having intimated that President Roosevelt might be forced to run again in 1908, Senator Lodge has given a formal denial of such a possibility. ¶The Pennsylvania Legislature has repealed the Philadelphia "Ripper" bill by an almost unanimous vote and given an enthusiastic adherence to all the other reforms proposed for its consideration. ¶The steamer "Valencia," of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, went on the rocks on Vancouver Island, on the night of January 22, and after pounding for two days in breakers so high that no assistance could reach her, went to pieces with the loss of over a hundred lives. ¶General Joseph Wheeler died January 25. ¶Captain Van Schaick, of the burned steamer "General Slocum," was convicted January 27 of neglect of duty in failing to hold fire drills, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. ¶New York's $25,000,000 State Capitol threatens to collapse from insecure foundations. ¶The Government charges the Chicago beef packers with attempting to bribe reporters, and the packers have brought testimony to prove that their prosecution violates a pledge of immunity. ¶Insurance Commissioner Folk of Tennessee has notified all companies which have made political contributions that unless the money is returned they will not be allowed to continue doing business in that State. ¶President Castro of Venezuela has defied the entire diplomatic corps, twenty-five members of which have protested against his treatment of M. Taigny, the French Charge d'Affaires. ¶Full returns of the British elections give the Liberals a clear majority of more than eighty over all other parties combined, and leave the Unionists in a minority of about 350. ¶Following the creation of a new mile record for automobiles by Fred. Marriott in the Stanley steamer at Ormond Beach, Victor Demogeot beat the world with a two-mile record of 58 4-5 seconds in a 200-h.-p. Darracq

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF EUROPE



CHRISTIAN IX

Late King of Denmark; born April 8, 1818; died Jan. 29, 1906

WITH the world's congratulations upon his latest achievement in putting another of his descendants upon a new throne still fresh in his ears, King Christian IX of Denmark, "the grandfather of Europe," suddenly died on January 29, at the age of eighty-seven. The late sovereign was in his own person the most striking embodiment of the fact that the greater part of monarchical Europe is really ruled by a single family. There is no nationality in royalty. King Edward is just as much a German by blood as Kaiser Wilhelm, and Kaiser Wilhelm just as much an Englishman as King Edward.

Of the six children of King Christian, the first has become King of Denmark, the second is Queen of England, the third is King of Greece, and the fourth is Empress Dowager of Russia. The fifth has married into the royal family of Great Britain, and the sixth into that of the Orleans pretenders of France. One of Christian's grandsons is King of Norway and husband of a British princess, and other grandchildren have married German, Russian, and Swedish royalties. There is not a single independent monarchy of Northern Europe—that is to say, of that part of Europe in which the ruling houses are not compelled to restrict their alliances to Catholics—in which the blood of Christian of Denmark is not represented on or near the throne.

The family connections of the Danish King were a powerful influence for European peace. The children and grandchildren of the old monarch were accustomed to hold informal reunions at Copenhagen, and there they were not the representatives of jealous Powers, but affectionate members of a single household. By constant correspondence with each other, they kept better informed of the state of international relations than the members of their changing Ministries, and their influence was always exerted to smooth over dangerous disputes. In this work they rendered perhaps the last real service that royalty is capable of giving in the modern world.

King Christian's successor is his eldest son, Christian Frederick William Charles, whose accession as King Frederick VIII was formally proclaimed to a crowd of fifty thousand people the day after his father's death. Like Edward VII of England, the new ruler has passed a long life as an understudy for the part he is to play in his old age. His tutelage has been even longer than that of Edward, who came to the throne in his sixtieth year. King Frederick will be sixty-three in June, and he has been a grandfather for nearly six years.

He is the uncle of the Czar of Russia, the brother-in-law of the King of England, the brother of the King of Greece, the father of the King of Norway and the nephew by marriage of the King of Sweden. Thus the Danish throne remains the link that binds together the varied parts of the royal family of Europe.



ELECTING A FRENCH PRESIDENT

M. Fallieres, as President of the Senate, presiding over the joint Assembly that elected him, January 17

AT PANAMA

THE report of the minority of the Board of Consulting Engineers on the Panama Canal, which is favored by Chief Engineer Stevens and the Canal Commission, recommends the construction of a canal with an eighty-five-foot summit level and three locks. According to this document, which was drawn up by Isham Randolph of Chicago, such a canal would be really a lake for the greater part of its extent. It would be a thousand feet wide for a distance of twenty miles, eight hundred feet wide for four miles more, five hundred feet for another stretch of ten miles, three hundred feet for seven miles, and two hundred feet for the remaining seven miles. Of the total length of forty-eight miles, only a little over one-seventh would have the minimum width of two hundred feet, and for four-fifths of the whole passage across the Isthmus steamers would have open navigation. The estimated time required for the entire work is eight years, against twelve to fifteen for a sea-level canal. In the matter of cost, the difference on the Culebra Cut alone is figured at from $45,000,000 to $75,000,000.

Governor Magoon of the Canal Zone, who landed in New York January 28, to attend the meeting of the Commission called to pass upon the report of the Advisory Board, explained that the evidences of idleness observed by Mr. Poultney Bigelow were due to the fact that Mr. Bigelow had happened to strike the Isthmus on Thanksgiving Day, when nothing was doing. The rest of the time, according to Mr. Magoon, forty-five thousand men were at work—fifteen thousand of them laborers on the Canal and the rest other employees. The Governor defended the healthfulness of the Isthmus in its present state, and offered his own robust personality in evidence as an exhibit in the case. He especially defended the morals of the Zone.



A HERO OF TWO FLAGS

Joseph Wheeler, born in Augusta, Georgia, Sept. 10, 1836; died in New York, Jan. 25, 1906. He reached the rank of Lieutenant-General in the Confederate Army at twenty-eight, and became one of the greatest cavalry leaders of modern times. Elected ten times to Congress, he served in the Spanish and Philippine wars, and became Major-General of Volunteers and Brigadier-General in the regular service. This photograph was taken by James H. Hare, war photographer of Collier's, during the campaign in Cuba

THE HAZERS

A SERIOUS situation has developed at the Naval Academy in connection with the hazing trials. Under the present law the penalty for hazing is dismissal. Either that penalty must be ruthlessly enforced or the law must fall into contempt and the hazing evil must flourish unchecked. But dismissals have now been carried to a point at which they threaten to impair the efficiency of the service. They have already deprived the Navy of several promising young officers, including Stephen Decatur, whose name alone is an asset of priceless value to a service that depends so much upon the inspiration of high traditions. Secretary Bonaparte has proposed to meet the crisis by amending the law to provide for a graduated scale of punishments. He has transmitted to the House Committee on Naval Affairs a bill giving to the Secretary of the Navy power in his discretion to dismiss any midshipman whose presence at the Academy he deems contrary to the best interests of the service, subject to the right of the offender to defend himself in writing before action is taken. The measure defines hazing as "any unauthorized assumption of authority by one midshipman over another," whereby the latter may "suffer or be exposed to suffer any cruelty, indignity, humiliation, hardship or oppression, or the deprivation, or abridgment of any right, privilege, or advantage to which he shall be legally entitled." In dealing with such cases, courts-martial are to have a wide discretion, so that they may make the punishment fit the crime in all cases instead of inflicting excessive hardships on a few offenders and letting the majority escape. The enforcement of the present extreme penalty can hardly be more than spasmodic.

MAKING IT UNANIMOUS

THE President displays infinite resourcefulness in the promotion of his railroad-rate policy. The strength of corporation influences on the Republican side of the Senate made it clear that a measure giving the Interstate Commerce Commission power to regulate rates would not have much chance as a party measure. The friends of the Administration, therefore, executed a brilliant coup. They invited the Democrats in the House to join in the preparation of a non-partisan measure which could go to the Senate with the backing of a solid vote from the representatives of the people. Last year, when the Esch-Townsend bill passed the House with only seventeen dissenting votes, the Democrats accepted it under protest after their failure to gain consideration for a rival measure of their own, but this year they come in as equal partners.

The basis of the new bi-partisan project is the Hepburn bill. The Democratic members of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce were asked what amendments would be needed to meet their views. They proposed to amend the definition of a maximum rate so that it would read, "a just, reasonable and fairly remunerative rate, which shall be the maximum rate." The difference between this and a simple provision for a "maximum reasonable rate" had been the chief issue between the parties. It was further decided that suits on alleged illegal charges might be brought at the place where the charge was made instead of in the city where the general offices of the company were situated. The Commission is to consist of seven instead of nine members, and the salary of each is to be $10,000 a year. The bill was perfected in several points of administrative detail. All the eighteen members of the Committee, twelve Republicans and six Democrats, agreed upon the revised measure on January 23, and it was reported to the House with this unanimous endorsement on the 27th.

The report recites the ingenious efforts of certain carriers and shippers to evade the existing laws through such devices as refrigerator cars and "midnight tariffs," and asserts that no new laws would be needed but for "the misconduct of parties who are now most clamorous against additional restraint." It explains that the enlargement of the definition of the terms "railroad" and "transportation" in the commitee's bill will enable the private-switch and refrigerator-car tricks to be suppressed, while the requirement of thirty days' notice of changing schedules will abolish the midnight tariff. The fact that no attempt has been made to regulate classifications has subjected the bill to criticism on the ground that when a rate on a given article has been proved extortionate all the railroad will have to do will be to put that article into another class.

POPULAR AND CORPORATE MERGERS

THE CHIEF TWO CITIES of America, New York and Chicago, are wrestling with gigantic transit problems. In each case the entire transportation system of the city is involved. Chicago is to vote next April upon the question of turning all her street railroads into municipal properties. New York is trying to decide how to deal with a combination of private lines that already



THE STANLEY STEAMER (ON THE RIGHT), WHICH BROKE THE WORLD'S RECORD BY RUNNING A MILE IN 28 1-5 SECONDS AT ORMOND BEACH, JAN. 26

covers all the routes in Manhattan and The Bronx and is expected soon to take in Brooklyn. The revised terms of the great Interborough-Metropolitan merger were made public on January 27. Under this arrangement the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, and the Metropolitan Securities Company were to be united in a new corporation called the Interborough-Metropolitan Company, with an authorized capitalization of $225,000,000, divided into $55,000,000 of five per cent cumulative preferred stock, $100,000,000 of common stock, and $70,000,000 of four and a half per cent collateral trust gold bonds.

The crowning beauty of this scheme lay in the provision for the lucky holders of Interborough securities. For every $100 share of stock in the Interborough Rapid Transit Company the owner was to receive $200 in four and one-half per cent bonds and $99 in common stock—total $299 for every $100 invested less than four years ago. On this original investment there is guaranteed an income of at least nine per cent, with as much more as can be squeezed out in the shape of dividends on the common stock. The promoters of the merger have added $80,650,000 of water to the original $55,000,000 of Interborough stock, and $108,000,000 to the stock of the two systems together, substituting $225,000,000 for $117,000,000 nominal capital in the whole combination, on all of which the patrons of the roads will be expected to pay dividends and interest. This feat was made possible by the city's construction at its own expense of a subway which was turned over to the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, and formed that corporation's sole reason for existence. The total capitalization of the new company and its underlying corporations exceeds $500,000,000, four-fifths water. It is expected that when the reorganization is complete the monopoly will be extended over Brooklyn, and perhaps over the Westchester suburbs and northern New Jersey. The scheme provides for the perpetuation of the present control through a voting trust. Under these conditions it is hardly surprising that the agitation for the municipal construction, ownership, and operation of a complete new subway system has taken on new life.

THE HOUSE INSURRECTION QUELLED

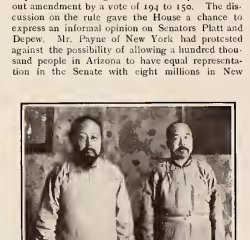
ORDER reigns once more at the southern end of the Capitol. The formidable revolt that threatened to destroy the autocratic power of Speaker Cannon and reduce the House to the level of a deliberative body has been crushed. The well-oiled machine of government again runs in its accustomed grooves. When the Philippine Tariff bill was passed so easily the insurgents consoled themselves with the reflection that their fifty-seven Republican votes would have been enough to make a majority if the Democrats had joined them. On the Statehood bill, uniting Arizona to New Mexico against its will, it was known that that support would be forthcoming. All that was necessary was for the Republican insurgents to stand firm. Fifty-four of them signed a pledge to do so

Realizing the situation, the House leaders held the bill while they strengthened their lines. Every weak-kneed insurgent was taken in hand and put through the "third degree." The whole power of the House organization, backed by the influence of the President, was exerted to crumble the opposition. The Speaker labored with the insurgent chairmen of committees, warning them that if they encouraged displays of independence on the part of common members of the House, they must expect to face mutinies against their own authority.

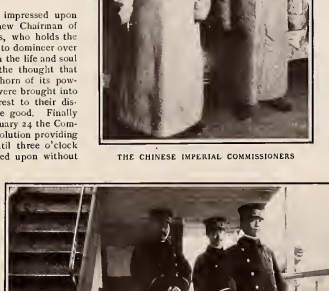
Pressure for Weak Knees

This argument was particularly impressed upon Mr. Tawney of Minnesota, the new Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, who holds the position from which Randall used to dominee over the House. Mr. Tawney had been the life and soul of the whole insurrection, but at the thought that his great chairmanship might be shorn of its powers he weakened. Other rebels were brought into line by promises that bills of interest to their districts would be passed if they were good. Finally the managers felt safe, and on January 24 the Committee on Rules brought in a resolution providing that the bill should be debated until three o'clock the next afternoon and then voted upon without amendment. Unspoken remarks could be printed.

The adoption of this resolution would mean that after one day's debate the House would have to vote, aye or no, upon the question of admitting Oklahoma and the Indian Territory as one State and Arizona and New Mexico as one State, without any opportunity to express an opinion upon any other proposition, such as the admission of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory without Arizona and New Mexico, or the admission of the joint Statehood issue to the people of Arizona and New Mexico, voting separately. The advocates of the rule paid hardly any attention to the merits of the question and rested almost entirely upon the argument that it was the duty of Republicans to vote for it because it was a Republican party measure. When the roll was called only forty-three Republican insurgents were found off the reservation. The resolution was passed by a vote of 191 to 165. That finished the insurrection, and when the bill came up for passage the next day only thirty-three lonely Republicans voted against it. It was passed without amendment by a vote of 194 to 150. The discussion on the rule gave the House a chance to express an informal opinion on Senators Platt and Depew. Mr. Payne of New York had protested against the possibility of allowing a hundred thousand people in Arizona to have equal representation in the Senate with eight millions in New York. "The gentleman speaks of the Senators from New York," retorted Mr. Adam Bede of Minnesota. "Most people are trying to forget them." The gale of laughter and applause that followed suspended the business of the House for some minutes. The bill as passed provides for the admission of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory under the joint name of Oklahoma, and for that of Arizona and New Mexico under the joint name of Arizona. The constitution of the State of Arizona is to be framed by a convention containing forty-four delegates from the present Territory of Arizona, and sixty-six from the Territory of New Mexico. It was argued in the debate that as not more than half the people of New Mexico were of Mexican descent, and practically all those of Arizona were Americans, this would insure an American majority in the convention. The Statehood bill is now in the Senate, where its fate is a matter of serious doubt. Senatorial insurgents are made of stouter stuff than those in the House, and they express confidence in their ability to carry Senator Foraker's amendment, giving an opportunity to the people of Arizona and of New Mexico to decide separately whether they wish to be joined in a single State or not. The Senate Committee on Territories ordered a favorable report on the House bill.



THE CHINESE IMPERIAL COMMISSIONERS



CHINESE OFFICERS IN THE UNIFORM OF THEIR EFFICIENT NEW ARMY

The modern army represented by the officers in the suite of the Imperial Commissioners, Tai Hung Chi and Tuan Fang, sent around the world to investigate Western methods, has excited the wondering admiration of foreign experts

OUR CHINESE VISITORS

AFTER PURSUING its observant way across the continent, the distinguished Commission sent by the Chinese Government to investigate the state of the Western world reached Washington on January 23, took forty-five rooms at the Arlington Hotel, and plunged into the sights of the capital with youthful enthusiasm. The next day the Commissioners were received by the President and delivered a letter from the Emperor, in which he said:

"With the increasing years of friendly intercourse the relations between China and the United States have become closer and more intimate. The United States Government has long been known for its excellent organization by the adoption of new principles of government with satisfactory and beneficial results. As we contemplate the existing condition of affairs, with a firm determination to improve the present order of things, we desire to avail ourselves of your close friendship and neighborly kindness to obtain the necessary information for comparison with a view to proper selection."

President Roosevelt cordially responded, complimenting the ancient glories of the "great people" of China and recalling "the kindly sympathy of this country for the great Eastern Empire" which had "found so many opportunities of expression in late years." The visitors afterward made the round of the departments and expressed unbounded admiration for everything they had seen in this country, as well as appreciation of the warmth of their reception. Meanwhile the boycott continues with unabated virulence.

THE LINCOLN BIRTHPLACE FARM



THE OLD CABIN ON THE LINCOLN FARM PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOWARD PATTERSON

The story of the farm in the heart of Kentucky on which the martyred President was born, its historical significance, the vicissitudes through which it has passed, the commercial abuses it has escaped, and its deliverance to the American people for all time

By RICHARD LLOYD JONES

ONE hundred years ago the coming tenth of June, Thomas Lincoln took his bride, Nancy Hanks, to a little log cabin on what was known as the Rock Spring Farm, two miles from the little town of Hodgenville in the heart of Kentucky, and there made the rude little home which three years later was to welcome into the world the great martyred President, Abraham Lincoln.

The frame into which this child came was of the crude kind common to all pioneers of that time. It was a one-room cabin with a huge outside chimney, a single window, and a rude door swung on leather hinges. The farm itself was then, as it is now, a sterile piece of land, but it possessed a large and beautiful spring, the pure waters from which were as far-famed in central Kentucky a century ago as they are to-day. The pioneer husbandman, too often and too carelessly pictured as a shiftless fellow, supplemented the tilled patches of the little farm by practicing the trade of carpentry in the vicinity, and, though the Lincolns enjoyed nothing better than severe pioneer poverty, the luck-covered roof of the cabin sheltered a happy little family, and the real necessaries of life were seldom wanting. The father, though thoroughly illiterate, was respected and trusted in the community, and for some time served as county supervisor of public roads, a highly important post in that time.

The mother, who was well schooled in the primary three "R's," took great pains to teach the future President and his little sister what she knew. From her, in the long winter evenings, they heard all Bible lore, fairy tales, and country legends. Little Abe attended the "A B C school" when a teacher could be provided, which was seldom, and was always the most ambitious boy in school. He was naturally bright and a persistent student. He used to gather sapcwood bushes, hack them upon a log, and burn them two or three together, that he might read and study at night by this homespun light. In all this his mother used to give him her fullest help and encouragement.

By the same sapcwood-bush light the good Nancy Hanks used to stitch the boy's roughly tanned deerskin trousers, lace his home-made moccasins and coonskin cap, and cut his linsey-woolsey shirt. In return for all this the rugged Rock Spring youth used to help her with the soap making, and with the simple chores his father had to do about the place.

But the young Kentuckian was not all prone to work and study. He was a true American boy, fond of frolic and mischief and an ingenious leader in sports. Robust and active, he soon learned the endless delights which a wild unbroken country could afford a child. With his sister Nancy and two neighboring little friends he used to play in the shavings of his father's carpenter shop, hunt coons and partridges, and victimize his playfellows with practical jokes. After his tragic death, one of his early school friends illustrated the great President's natural boyhood by telling this anecdote: "Abe and I," said the old friend, "had been going to school together for a year or more, and had been greatly attached to each other. Then school disbanded on account of there being so few scholars, and we did not see each other much for a long while. One Sunday my mother visited the Lincolns, and I was taken along. Abe and I played around all day. Finally we concluded to cross the creek to hunt some partridges, which young Lincoln had seen the day before. The creek was swollen by a recent rain, and, in crossing on a narrow footlog, Abe fell in. Neither of us could swim. I got a long pole and held it out to Abe, who grabbed it. Then I pulled him ashore. He was almost dead, and I was badly scared. I rolled and pounded him in good earnest. Then I got him by the arms and shook him, the water meanwhile pouring out of his mouth. By this means I succeeded in bringing him to, and he was soon all right. Then a new difficulty confronted us. If our mothers discovered our wet clothes, they would whip us. This we dreaded from experience, and determined to avoid. It was June, the sun was very warm, and we soon dried our clothing by spreading it on the rocks about us. We promised never to tell the story, and I never did until after Lincoln's tragic end."

One of the most coveted pastimes of little Abe was to accompany his father with a sack of grist to the old mill, which stood some few miles from the Lincoln farm. This old mill, situated on a most picturesque piece of shelving land, and surrounded by heavy shade trees, was operated from the days of little Abe down to within two years ago.

Hard Work in the Early Days

Perhaps no more picturesque public highway can be found in the South than the old Cumberland Trail and Nashville Pike as it winds through the foothills of Kentucky's mountains. In little Abe's day that section of this important highway which crossed Hardin and Larue Counties fell under the official supervision of his father. Oldtimers about Hodgenville claim that on road-mending days, when land-owners paid their poll-tax with the pick and shovel, Tom Lincoln used to take his boy Abe along both for company and for help, and there is not a section of that old pike within several miles of Rock Spring along which young Lincoln has not played and over which he has driven the faithful old ox team.

Kentucky in those days possessed few advantages to allure the poor man. Land titles were insecure, and, unfortunately, the land which Thomas Lincoln called his own was far from averaging with the best. It required persistent effort to coax a living out of it, and to one of his generous, jovial, and somewhat easy-going disposition life on the Rock Spring Farm was one never-ending struggle. So when the youth whose name was destined to endure throughout all the ages was but eight years of age the crude cabin by the beautiful spring was abandoned. The troubled mother took Abraham and his little sister to say farewell to the grave of the baby brother, a scene that so affected the sensitive soul of that rugged little pioneer lad that he was never able to refer to it without touches of emotion.

"Good-by" was said to the old playmates and "A B C school" friends, and the small pioneer caravan, full of resolution and hope, started north. They came to the mighty river into which the State of Kentucky dips on the north. It was a much greater river than any which little Abe had ever seen. Then came the great forests of Indiana, the endless wilderness into which they penetrated with true pioneer boldness. The years went on, little Abe became big Abe. He was master of the ax. Into Illinois they went, and Abe became the Rail-Splitter. The rest of the story—his efforts to study law, his first political speeches from the stump, his rise in politics, his campaign for the Presidency, his distressed and burdened Administration, and his tragic martyrdom—these are chapters in the remarkable life story that we all know. No man in the history of any nation has been more widely loved or more eloquently eulogized, and there is none whose memory has been more fully preserved to posterity by permanent and written speech than Abraham Lincoln. Yet in all these years of growing admiration, of adulation and confession of a nation's gratitude, we have overlooked and forgotten the sterile bit of ground from whence he came.

Lincoln himself seldom referred to it. When, during his first Presidential campaign, he was asked by a friend for an autobiography of his early days, he replied: "It is a great piece of folly to try to attempt to make anything out of me or my early life. It can all be condensed into a single sentence, and that sentence you will find in Gray's Elegy, *'The short and simple annals of the poor.'* That's my life, and that's all you or any one else can make out of it." Yet, when President of the United States, he is known to have said: "When the war is over, I would like very much to visit my old Kentucky home. I remember the old home very well." And one of his old playmates and "A B C school" friends, who died in Hodgenville only three years ago, took pride to the last in exhibiting several letters from the President urging the old-time friend to pay a visit to the White House, but unfortunately circumstances never accorded this privilege to the good old friend. Certain it is the great President never for got his first home or lost his love for it.

It was sold by Thomas Lincoln to a family by the name of Creal. In their hands it remained for over seventy years. The people of the vicinity seem only recently to have awakened to the realization that those hundred and ten acres had any value beyond their yield of corn and sorghum. As one of the local liverymen expressed it: "We people here think it mighty common, but folks what come from away make a great ado about it, and fuss around until they get the facts, cases, and the like."

Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana newspapers from time to time added to Lincolniana by scare-head announcements that the Lincoln birthplace farm was to be sold. However, it never was sold but twice since Thomas Lincoln transferred the deed to the Crcals.

Of them Mr. A. W. Dennett, a wealthy New York restaurant owner, bought the farm several years ago for a consideration of three thousand dollars. A little money was spent on improving the place, and a new picket fence was erected with a view to converting it into a public park, but



The old millstone used by the Lincolns to grind the corn for their daily use now serves as a "stoop" to the side door of the house on the farm

financial reverses overtook the owner and the idea had to be abandoned. Since then the farm has been rapidly declining. A few years ago it was given into the management of the Rev. J. W. Bingham, a Methodist preacher, who had the rags of the old cabin taken to the exhibition at Nashville. Later, a tenant was given possession of the farm with the only consideration that he pay the annual taxes upon it. The neighbors said that he made a bad bargain, and the products of the farm wouldn't pay the tax. The truth of their prediction was verified when, a few months later, the old farm was advertised for sale for the taxes, the amount, however, being paid by its owner, just before it was sold.

Again and again rumors were current that the old Lincoln cabin was to be removed and used in one way or another. Unfortunately, it was finally sold to an exhibitor who has taken it about the country as a traveling show, and who now holds it intact in a cellar at Stamford, Connecticut, for ransom. It will never be given back to the people, to whom it should belong, but it can be bought back, and this will be done.

As to the farm itself, all manner of enterprises have sought it. Mr. John Wanamaker is known to have made repeated attempts to secure the property, but the litigation in which the title was involved made the sale impossible. A bill was introduced in the Kentucky State Legislature, providing for the purchase of the property by the State, but the bill met with neglect and failed to pass. The Postmaster at Hodgenville made several attempts to rally local interest in the preservation of this property, and even appealed to Congress for assistance, but his efforts also met with failure. The Cincinnati "Commercial Tribune" of an August, 1901, date bearing the headlines: "Lincoln's Old Cabin, a Nucleus for Old Negroes' Home" published the statement that the old Lincoln homestead would probably be converted into a home for old and decrepit ex-slaves in the near future; such being the plan of Thomas A. Thomas, a wealthy negro, and an ex-slave of the county, who had already entered into negotiations with a New York City millionaire, then owner of the farm, for the purchase of the birthplace of the great Emancipator. This plan, however, was held in abeyance until after the project of converting the house into either a home for Confederate soldiers, or a widows and orphans' home for the victims of both sides in the grand conflict, had failed to receive the expected support from Congress, and had thus been left to die a natural Congressional death.

Repeatedly the heading, "Lincoln's Birthplace Is to Be Sold," was seen in the Cincinnati and Louisville prints, and each time more of its history was exploited. Many schemes were suggested, but none bore any large national significance.

Early in April, 1904, the writer observed an editorial in "Unity," a religious weekly from Chicago, which bore the caption, "A Neglected Shrine." It pictured the birthplace of this great American as a place of desolation and neglect; it told of the humble cabin being carted away as a curious show; only a crude pole set in the ground and a few flagstones being left to mark its former resting-place. The famous spring, still flowing with delicious water, was accessible to pigs and cattle. How much further was this rare historic spot to sink into decay? Mr. Collier, who had followed with some interest the press rumors and suggestions that had centered about the place, urged that the farm must be saved to the country, and that it must be done at once.

The American People Will Save the Farm

Only a little more than fifty years ago Washington's home at Mount Vernon was going to decay in private hands. The voluntary contributions of the American people saved that cherished historical spot. The same people will save the birthplace of that other great American, Abraham Lincoln.

At Mr. Collier's suggestion I journeyed from New York to Hodgenville to ascertain if the property could be bought or held by option. I found that it was still bound to the Dennett estate, which was fast in court litigation. I commissioned one of Hodgenville's young lawyers, a grandson of the Creal who bought the farm from Thomas Lincoln, to advise me when the farm should be free from legal complications.

Early last August the notice came that on the 28th day of that month, by order of the Court of Larue County, Kentucky, the farm upon which Abraham Lincoln was born was to be sold between the hours of ten and two from the Court-House steps, at public outcry, and to the highest bidder. Following this announcement, rumor was current in the newspapers that several commercial enterprises, including a Louisville whisky distillery, were coveting the property that they might make advertising capital out of its acquisition. These rumors proved to be true. Mr. Collier believed that so important a historic spot should not be debased by sordid commercial usages, and in his behalf I hastened to Hodgenville, which was to be the scene of the public bidding.

Events Preliminary to the Purchase

The day set for the sale was Monday. Piety protests against Sabbath railway operation in central Kentucky, and Elizabethtown, some twelve miles away, was as near as I could come to Hodgenville by rail before Monday noon.

On that warm summer Sunday evening I sat on the hotel porch at "E'town," as they call Elizabethtown, talking with a budding citizen of the community. "Are you going over to Hodgenville in the morning?" he inquired. "I don't know; possibly," I answered; and by way of getting the local perspective on the important sale, I added: "Anything going to happen over there?"

"Well," replied the young Kentuckian, "there's going to be some smart horse trading, and they's going to sell at public sale the farm that Abraham Lincoln was born on. Reckon it will be quite a day."

"Are there many going to bid on the farm?" I inquired.

"Well, I reckon; the bidding will be pretty smart," the genial youth replied, tossing back his head to throw his long black locks from off his forehead. "I hear the place is likely to bring six or seven thousand dollars—I wouldn't give one month's taxes for it myself. It's a good enough looking piece, but too much rock and brush and gravel to amount to anything." Then, after a short pause, he added: "They's a couple of gents in the bar-room here that's calculating to bid a bit on the place. Do you want to go in?"

Within, we found that, however it may be with rail roads, there are no effective scruples in Kentucky against "sample goods" on Sunday. One of the "gents," we discovered, represented a distilling concern which recognized the commercial value of both the pure waters of the spring and the flag-decorated bottle label bearing the inscription "Lincoln Birthplace Whisky." The other "gent" represented a prominent Eastern merchant, and came with the instructions to "Bid it in." Both were growing happily patriotic over their errand. Visions of the historic ground desecrated by vulgar industrial interests passed through my mind. I saw the steam escaping from the waste pipe putting out of the ugly red brick building standing beside the Lincoln spring. I saw a great department store handing out Lincoln Farm trading stamps to its eager bargain-counter customers. But with these visions came the hope that their own folly would effect their defeat. Their misdirected "patriotic" enthusiasm carried them further and further into the slumber which an overdose of Kentucky's most widely advertised commodity is known to effect. By midnight both were peaceably abed.

At six I was at breakfast, and at seven a local liveryman was driving me over the twelve miles of rock and red clay road that leads to Hodgenville. Along the way, neighboring farmers inquired about the horse trading. Few, if any, were concerned with the transaction that might be transcribed to history. Once in Hodgenville, I sought the commissioner who had been appointed by the court to sell the farm. I had not forgotten the two gentlemen still resting in "E'town," and I urged an early sale. The Court announcement called for the auction between ten and two. Why could it not be ten?

"No," was Commissioner Handley's reply, "we'll sell this afternoon."

"I wish to leave on the one o'clock train," I argued. "I want dinner before I go—make it eleven."



The original log cabin in which Lincoln was born occupied the knoll on the right of this picture. The present house stands on the left

"No," again came the Commissioner's answer, "but I'll help you out, I'll make it half-past twelve, and it will only take a few minutes."

Further argument availed nothing, and I spent the restless morning between the Court-House corridors, listening to the gossip about prospective bidders, and looking down the "E'town" road for a cloud of dust that might be following an enemy's equipage.

The Bidders

But no such threatening cloud appeared in the west, and there seemed to be nothing to cause alarm in the village. A Grand Army of the Republic veteran from Racine, Wisconsin, was there in some silent interest. A Milwaukee newspaper had a delegate with quiet contemplations. A New York lawyer—who would not tell anything,—was going to bid. A Louisville gentleman had some plans, but I was prepared to cope with these.

At twelve o'clock the whole town went to dinner. Before half-past twelve the real-smart citizens were dividing their attentions at the Court-House between picking their teeth and guessing. At half-past twelve the horse trading began. The sleepy little town took on life.

Presently the Lincoln Farm Commissioner came out of his little law shop across the road from the Court-House door. When he arrived, the Court-House steps there was no dust to be seen down the "E'town" road.

It was a warm August noon, and Commissioner Handley, tall, slender, and handsome, the young Kentucky lawyer type, mounted on the very step the Court had assigned him to for the sale, lifted his hat, mopped his forehead, brushed back his long black hair, and said: "Gentlemen, if you will close in around here I'll tell the Lincoln Farm."

Men shuffled closer, these who could coming within the shadow of the Court-House wall. The horse trading quieted, but it did not abate.

Then Commissioner Handley, mopping his face again, said: "Gentlemen, this is a historic occasion. By order of the Court of Larue County, and by the laws of the great Commonwealth of Kentucky, I am here to offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, the farm upon which Abraham Lincoln, the great War President, was born. After reading the legal description of the farm and the Court's order of sale he concluded with "And now, gentlemen, what am I offered for this historic ground?"

"Fifteen hundred," cried a citizen of the town from out in the sunlight.

"What're y going to do with it, Hank, get a Carnegie Library on it?" rejoined a friend, and while the laugh was being passed about, the Commissioner, beating his right forefinger on his left hand, cried, "I hear fifteen hundred—I hear fifteen hundred—I hear fifteen hundre'."

"Two thousand," cried the old veteran with the G. A. R. button."

"Follow it up, Hank," came from out the crowd.

"Two thousand, two thousand, two thousand—I hear two thousand," cried the Commissioner.

"Twenty-one hundred," called the gentleman from Louisville.

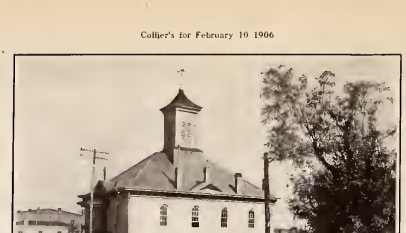
The Milwaukee newspaper man raised him a hundred, and the Manhattan lawyer that wouldn't talk went a hundred more.

The Auction

As the Commissioner was repeating: "I hear twenty-three, do I hear twenty-four? I hear twenty-three, do I hear twenty-four?" a cry went up across the square, and a dancing little sorrel mare was led out of a cheering crowd. "I hear twenty-three, do I—?"

"Twenty-four," came from the gray beard that covered the army button, and for the first time I raised my voice and called out "Twenty-five."

At twenty-eight the Grand Army of the Republic retired. At thirty the Milwaukee newspaper thought the risk too much. The silent lawyer from New York retired after bidding two hundred more, and then the race was between the Louisville lawyer and me.

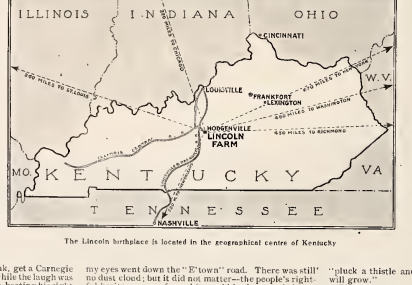


The old Court-House at Hodgenville, from the steps of which the Lincoln farm was sold

At thirty-five I let the pause be long. The look of the Commissioner said: "Give me thirty-six." I gave it. The Louisville gentleman consulted with a friend, and while this consultation was on the Commissioner rapped down the final "One—two—three—sold." While the crowd shuffled, pressed around to look and inquire, my eyes went down the "E'town" road. There was still no dust cloud; but it did not matter—the people's rightful heritage was safe, and it would be forever theirs.

The one o'clock train was gone, but by this time it was no loss. The papers were properly issued, recorded, and filed, and after a brief exchange of courtesies with those who had to do with the transaction, I called for a "rig" to "E'town," and drove away. On the main highway one of the belated bidders loomed in sight. A salutation of eloquent barroom rhetoric greeted the announcement that the farm was in my pocket.

"What am I to say when I go back?" he said. "I'll give you ten thousand dollars for it right now."



The Lincoln birthplace is located in the geographical centre of Kentucky



This cabin, in which Lincoln was born, was removed several years ago for exposition purposes. It is to be restored to its original place by the Lincoln Farm Association

Ninety-seven Years

But posterity had a better use for the place, and it was not handed over. Various patriotic societies in national assembly have offered to take over the property and properly preserve it. The Louisville "Courier-Journal" of September first urged Mr. Collier to present the farm to the Commonwealth of Kentucky, and the distinguished editor of that journal guaranteed its safe-keeping. Spring-water managers pleaded for the privilege to build fortunes out of the famous Rock Spring. But neither commercialism nor wholesome sectional pride were to be given precedent over all the people, for whom the farm was bought. And we can not believe that the American people will longer ignore what Mark Twain has Spring-water managers pleaded for the privilege to build fortunes out of the famous Rock Spring. But neither commercialism nor wholesome sectional pride were to be given precedent over all the people, for whom the farm was bought. And we can not believe that the American people will longer ignore what Mark Twain has chosen to call the "little model farm that raised a Man."

Ninety-seven years have passed since these rough rolling acres made room for the affections of coming generations. The soil which cradled the man of tender strength, and the air which fed the heart that suffered for a whole distracted people, and not for a single section, can serve a nobler end than ripening corn and sunshine. The inspiration of high citizenship must ever emanate from such a spot. In these years, so crammed with eager life and so possessed with appetite for gain, the lesson of the Lincoln Farm becomes the nation's imperative need. Democracy is ever human. The full-grown souls made at simple shrines are worth our emulation:

"Loves of great men all remond us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

The light of history is with each succeeding year revealing with greater clearness the rare beauty of Lincoln's strong spirit. He harmonized his high ideals of speech with conduct; and back of the black clouds of passion through which this uncouth figure led his divided people there always shone the soft radiance of a love unsoiled by a single touch of hate. The country not only reveres the memory of Abraham Lincoln, but it loves the man. To his people—the "plain people"—shall ever be entrusted the care of his first home, and there they shall, as he himself said he always tried to do, "pluck a thistle and plant a flower wherever a flower will grow."

The past half century's unparalleled development of material riches and power has not given our nation the supremacy of the commercial world without cost. Our keener patriotic sensibilities have been dulled in the strenuous competition for individual success. It is a pathetic truth which supports Colonel Henry Watterson's assertion that to-day we love the dollar as once we loved liberty. Though we are a virile people we are not without need of these things that remind us of times when cheeks blushed for the sorrows of men.

Lincoln Righteousness

To Lincoln's people to day is given the rare privilege of revealing to all generations to come that high strain of patriotism known to Lincoln's men fifty years ago. If laws safeguard nations less than songs, and sentiment alone inspires the souls of men, how better can we ensure the perpetuation of our country's glory than by keeping alive and before us the heroic and unselfish achievements of those who made firm our foundations in the past? When the Lincoln Farm Association, actuated by the highest patriotic motives, gives to posterity the purifying inspiration of a Lincoln righteousness, then indeed the government of the people, for the people, and by the people shall not perish from the earth, and the old Kentucky birthplace will not have been saved in vain.

THE LINCOLN FARM ASSOCIATION

Organized and incorporated to develop the Lincoln Birthplace Farm into a National Park

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THE most valuable assets of any nation are the traditions, the sacred associations, and the shrines made holy by the accumulatory love with which successive generations bedeck them. George Eliot said: "No nation has ever become great without holidays and processions dedicated to the noble." The United States as yet is notoriously poor in this direction. This is not wholly on account of its youth, but on account also of the indifference to spiritual welfare which has characterized a youth enamored of material plenty and drunk with the prosperity that comes from the easy conquest of fertile acres and exhaustless mines. American youths have turned longing eyes toward the holy places of Europe, and visited the birthplaces of Robert Burns and Schiller, the tombs of Walter Scott and Victor Hugo, and the millennial monument of King Alfred at Winchester; while the birthplace of our matchless American—the strong-handed, clear-headed, and great-hearted Lincoln—has been left, after its acres have been impoverished by careless tillage, to become a humiliation to the poet and the historian, and the butt of ridicule to the irreverent. Pigs and cattle have reduced the basin of the beautiful spring to a mud-puddle; vandal hands have carried off the humble cabin wherein a giant soul was born, and utter neglect surrounds the first home of the great American "Man of Sorrows."

Realizing this neglect, and that this farm birthplace was to be treated with still greater indignity, by the exploitations of speculators, for vulgar show and unwholesome popularity, COLLIER'S secured the farm under the auctioneer's hammer, and now holds it in trust for the nation. COLLIER'S has no ulterior object in view. It simply saw the opportunity, which no one else seemed desirous of taking, to protect this shrine from further vandalism, and it desires to turn it over to the people of the United States, to be held forever by them as a garden spot in the nation's history, a trysting-place whence North and South, East and West may find the inspiration of national unity and a patriotic righteousness, a growing witness that the "dark and bloody ground" is no longer, and that the "border" State has become the central State. As a patriotic park the Lincoln farm will differ widely from our other national parks, such as Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Vicksburg, and others, in that it will ever express our national unity rather than preserve the memory of our lamentable differences. It will continue to be a birthplace of citizenship and patriotism.

It is the sole purpose of COLLIER'S to help the American people to their own; to cooperate with them in making of this Kentucky farm a worthy companion of Mount Vernon in the affections of the American people and the admiration of the world. It is our purpose to cooperate with the lovers of Lincoln, old and young, and as need be help rather than dictate or direct their patriotic generosity.

To this end we have organized and incorporated, under the laws of Kenucky, an association known as *The Lincoln Farm Association*, to which every one shall be entitled to membership who contributes to the general fund for the preservation of this historic spot any sum not less than twenty-five cents nor more than twenty-five dollars. Every subscriber shall be recorded in the membership book, which will ultimately rest in a place of honor in one of the historical buildings to be erected on the farm. Each subscriber shall also receive, immediately following the receipt of his subscription, a handsomely engraved *certificate of membership in The Lincoln Farm Association*, bearing on its face a portrait of Lincoln, scenes on the farm, the member's name, and the autographs of the officers and trustees of the Association.

The first work of the Association will be to restore to its original place the log cabin in which Lincoln was born. The old spring will be properly cleaned and protected; the old fields, which President Lincoln himself used to help to plant, will be put in blue grass; at least one noble monument will be erected to grace the ground, form of a permanent building which would safely house the historical treasures to be gathered and placed there.

The main idea is fixed, COLLIER'S gives to the Association the deed to the farm. The historic ground will be owned and cared for by The Lincoln Farm Association's self-perpetuating committee of patriotic citizens. To them will be entrusted the expenditure of the subsidy which the members of The Lincoln Farm Association shall raise. Lying, as this farm does, almost at the centre of our population, it will ever be the most accessible, and in many ways will be the most attractive, of all our historic parks. It will be the most significant and the most useful as a common ground, typifying the large industrial development growing out of the political harmony of eighty millions of people—a great national school of peace, civic righteousness, and unity, a museum of national loyalty, where all animosity will forever be buried, and where North and South will find a common ground of pride.

It is hoped and it is believed that enough patriotic interest will be shown in this enterprise to make at this available centre a second Mount Vernon for all the American people. The committee will welcome any amount from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars, and everydollar will be expended in making this rustic little spot an object-lesson in patriotism and citizenship for all time to come.

As soon as the money is raised and the committee has entered upon its work, this paper will then cease to figure in any respect in the permanent Association.

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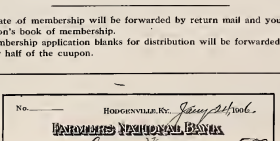
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Fill in the upper half of the coupon in the corner of this page and enclose with your contribution in an envelope, securely seal, and address to

MR. CLARENCE H. MACKAY, Treasurer Lincoln Farm Association, 74 Broadway, N. Y.

Your certificate of membership will be forwarded by return mail and your name recorded on the Association's book of membership.

As many membership application blanks for distribution will be forwarded you as you may request on lower half of the coupon.



The first contribution to The Lincoln Farm Association was received from the Postmaster of Hodgenville while this paper was going to press

I shall be glad to receive membership application blanks, which I will distribute among friends who I believe will be interested

Name .....
Town or City .....
State .....
County .....
Street and No. .....

Enclosed find $ ..... in contribution to The Lincoln Farm Assoc. Please send membership certificate to

Name .....
Town or City .....
State .....
County .....
Street and No. .....

and there will be a historical museum, which President Roosevelt has suggested should be called "A Temple of Patriotic Righteousness."

This should be made in the form of a permanent building which would safely house the historical treasures to be gathered and placed there.

The main idea is fixed, COLLIER'S gives to the Association the deed to the farm. The historic ground will be owned and cared for by The Lincoln Farm Association's self-perpetuating committee of patriotic citizens. To them will be entrusted the expenditure of the subsidy which the members of The Lincoln Farm Association shall raise. Lying, as this farm does, almost at the centre of our population, it will ever be the most accessible, and in many ways will be the most attractive, of all our historic parks. It will be the most significant and the most useful as a common ground, typifying the large industrial development growing out of the political harmony of eighty millions of people—a great national school of peace, civic righteousness, and unity, a museum of national loyalty, where all animosity will forever be buried, and where North and South will find a common ground of pride.

It is hoped and it is believed that enough patriotic interest will be shown in this enterprise to make at this available centre a second Mount Vernon for all the American people. The committee will welcome any amount from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars, and everydollar will be expended in making this rustic little spot an object-lesson in patriotism and citizenship for all time to come.

As soon as the money is raised and the committee has entered upon its work, this paper will then cease to figure in any respect in the permanent Association.

SCENES ON AND ABOUT THE



The house on the farm, built after the Lincolns left, in which the present keeper lives



At the entrance of the L



The old mill, five miles from the Lincoln Farm. It was one of the boy Lincoln's greatest delights to accompany his father



Nolan Creek, in which the young Lincoln was nearly drowned



The old Louisville and Nashville Pike, supervised by Lincoln's father

LINCOLN BIRTHPLACE FARM



ncoln Birthplace Farm



The rolling fields of the farm are as wild as they were in Lincoln's day



to this picturesque spot, where he played while their grist was being ground. This mill was closed only two years ago



The fissure out of which flows the clear, cool water of the Lincoln Spring



View from the knoll beside the spring where the old cabin stood

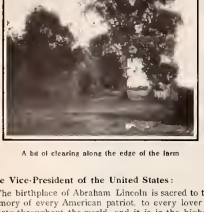
ENDORSED BY THE NATION'S LEADERS

MANY EXPRESSIONS OF APPROVAL FOR THE PLAN AND PURPOSE OF THE LINCOLN FARM ASSOCIATION

THE PRESIDENT ENDORSES THE LINCOLN FARM PLAN

I heartily approve of the movement to make the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln a national park, so that the building in which he was born may be preserved to illustrate the real conditions of his birth and childhood. It seems to me that the value of the project will largely depend upon the simplicity with which it is carried out and the success of the effort to keep the surroundings as nearly as possible such as they were when Lincoln lived among them. I am glad that the scheme of preservation contemplates an appeal to individual Americans. Lincoln's memory, like Washington's, is one of the hallowed and priceless heritages of all our people. It is not possible that any home in which he lived can ever have quite the associations for the nation as a whole that Mount Vernon has, but most assuredly his birthplace should be preserved in such shape as will enable us, as a nation, to realize vividly the condition from which the second of our two great Presidents sprang to mold our destiny for good.

Theodore Roosevelt.
The White House, January 27, 1906



A bit of clearing along the edge of the farm

MR. CLEVELAND'S VIEWS

I am strongly in favor of the contemplated movement to make the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln a memorial which shall arouse and stimulate reverent and patriotic sentiments in the minds of the American people. It seems to me that this should be done directly by the individual effort of our people, and that the memorial for all time to come should be in their especial keeping. *GROVER CLEVELAND.*
Princeton, N. J., January 25, 1906

The Archbishop of Baltimore:

I beg to say that I am heartily in favor of converting into a national park the farm on which Abraham Lincoln was born. An enlightened and patriotic people will not fail to appreciate the public spirit which actuates Mr. Collier in proposing to donate this farm to the Government, with the view of converting it to a public park. *James Cardinal Gibbons.*

President pro tem. of the United States Senate:

The project of making a national park and museum on the farm where Lincoln was born meets with my hearty approbation. In these times of engrossing commercialism such an altar of patriotism will prove a most valuable object-lesson, an indication that we have not quite forgotten our debt to the martyred President. *William P. Frye.*

The Archbishop of St. Paul:

By all means, let us have the Lincoln Farm—a token of the Americanism of to-day; a stimulus and an inspiration to the Americans of to-morrow. The land upon which Abraham Lincoln was born, and upon which he spent his early youth, is too sacred to be turned over to vulgar everyday purposes. It must be for all time one of America's venerated shrines, over which the spirit of America shall hold undisputed sway, and whither worshipers shall come from every clime to honor it and inhale its sublime and purifying life. Let it be the free-willed offering of the people of America, the gift of their hearts, the generous effusion and expansion of their very souls. Patriotism allows naught else, by naught else will patriotism be nurtured into best and sweetest flowering. *John Ireland.*

The President of Harvard University:

It seems to me that Mr Collier's generous proposal to give the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln to the public ought to be accepted. The Government might reasonably undertake the charge of the farm; but if it should decline to do so, I do not doubt that a voluntary association could be formed which would preserve Lincoln's humble birthplace with the same piety which has restored and made secure the rich Washington's Mount Vernon. *Charles W. Eliot.*



On the road to the Lincoln farm

The Congressman from Mississippi:

The South has especial proprietorship to Abraham Lincoln. Every drop of blood in his veins was Southern, every characteristic of the man was Southern, his love of humor, his steadfastness of purpose, his devotion to an idea. He was a type—though, of course, a very high type—of that class of Southerners whence he sprang. I have never been in favor of national parks, except, of course, where they were the means of conserving the remains of the dead. But a national park upon the home of Abraham Lincoln would much more nearly represent the coming together of Northern and Southern ideas, and the essential unity of the American people than a park upon a mere battlefield. *John Sharp Williams.*

The Vice-President of the United States:

The birthplace of Abraham Lincoln is sacred to the memory of every American patriot, to every lover of liberty throughout the world, and it is in the highest degree fitting that it should be appropriately marked. It is to be hoped that there may be erected there some tangible, enduring expression of our appreciation of the love we have for the memory of one of the greatest men the world has produced. *Charles W. Fairbanks.*

The Secretary of State:

I am afraid my view of the proposition to make a park of the farm on which Abraham Lincoln was born is not sufficiently unqualified to make it of value. If the building in which he was born is preserved and is capable of further preservation so that it will illustrate the real conditions of his birth and childhood, I should think it a good thing to make a park of the farm and provide for its maintenance in its original simple state. I do not, however, at present think favorably of the idea of building a great memorial temple of pesce there. I think such a memorial would be more suitable in Washington, where his great work was done and where he died. A preliminary measure for this purpose has already been adopted by Congress, and I think ought to be pressed forward to a conclusion. *Elihu Root.*

The Secretary of War:

I strongly sympathize with the purpose of Mr. Collier in making this a national enterprise, and think that the public are indebted to him for buying the place and making it possible to preserve it as he proposes. The figure of Lincoln as the typical American who carried the burden of the Presidency through the greatest crisis that this country has had to encounter, looms so large in our history that no effort should be spared to bring his personality and his wonderful character and virtues to the knowledge of the present peoples and coming generations. I shall be glad to cooperate in any way that I can as a humble citizen in this enterprise *William H. Taft.*

The Secretary of the Treasury:

I certainly wish COLLIER'S WEEKLY success in its Lincoln Birthplace Park proposition. *Leslie M. Shaw.*



A type of the old Southern home the Owsley house near the Lincoln farm

Mark Twain's Idea of It:

Mr. Collier has secured the land, saved it from desecration, and put it at the nation's disposal, and now the rest of us can go ahead and make it a fitting memorial of the man it cradled. The Government is spending millions every year on agricultural colleges and model farms to teach the art of raising more corn and squashes. In the present political, moral, and social atmosphere of the American people there is nothing in that line that can compare with this little model farm that raised a Man. *Mark Twain.*

The Senator from New Hampshire:

The movement to purchase the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, with a view to converting it into a great national museum and park, in honor of one of the really few great men this country has produced, meets with my approval. It will be an object-lesson to the youth of the country, and tend more than almost anything else possibly could to inculcate the principles of patriotism and love of the Union in the hearts of the coming generation. *J. H. Gallinger.*

The Senator from West Virginia:

It is, indeed, gratifying to me to have the old homestead, the birthplace of one of America's greatest Presi-

dents, Abraham Lincoln, preserved. Nothing could be more fitting than to hold as a shrine the home of the man who delivered the following words on the battlefield of Gettysburg at the time when the feeling between the two sections of the country was yet most intense:

"That we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Nathan B. Scott.

The Senator from Wisconsin:

I entirely approve Lincoln Park project as of permanent and patriotic interest.

John C. Spooner.

The Senator from Texas:

The plan proposed for the Lincoln Birthplace Park is commendable and patriotic, and will arouse deep interest in every section of the Union.

Charles A. Culberson.

The Mayor of Philadelphia:

I most heartily approve your plan for the Government to acquire the farm upon which Abraham Lincoln was born, and to convert it into a great national museum and park. As time carries us on further from the life of the great martyred President, his work and he himself are growing, and the time will come when the American people will regret having lost any opportunity to acquire a memorial that shall do justice to his memory.

John Weaver.

The Senator from Iowa:

I have no doubt but that the plan proposed by Mr. Collier and his associates, or some plan akin to it, will be cordially responded to and approved by the American people through voluntary contributions, ample for the purpose.

William B. Allison.

The Senator from Indiana:

I heartily endorse the movement to make a great national museum and park of the farm on which Abraham Lincoln was born. Few spots on the continent are so sacred to the nation as this historic ground.

Albert J. Beveridge.

The Senator from Massachusetts:

There certainly could be no more interesting spot historically, and I sincerely hope it may be preserved.

Henry Cabot Lodge.

Ex-Secretary of War:

In common with every patriotic American citizen, I will be glad to see your project to preserve the Lincoln farm as a park carried into execution.

Russell A. Alger.

The Publisher of "The Commoner":

As Mr. William Jennings Bryan is now in the Orient, and will not return to the United States until the latter part of the year, I write that you will know it is not his intention to ignore Mr. Collier's suggestion that the farm upon which Abraham Lincoln was born be converted into a national museum and park. It is a most worthy movement, and "The Commoner" will gladly endorse it in its columns.

Charles W. Bryan.

The President of Yale University:

I approve most heartily the public spirit shown by Mr. Collier in the purchase of the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, and his intention to present it to the public. Whether the situation and character of the place are such as to warrant me in recommending the collection of half a million dollars or any large fraction of that sum, for the purpose of maintaining it as a public park, is a point on which I can not venture to express an opinion without a more careful personal examination of the conditions than I have time to give.

Arthur T. Hadley.

The Senator from Alabama:

I commend the movement and hope it will meet with great success.

John T. Morgan.

The Senator from Wisconsin:

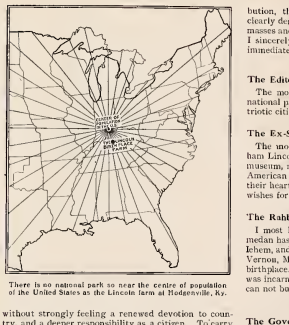
I desire to give most earnest approval to the plan for a Lincoln Birthplace Park.

Nothing pertaining to Abraham Lincoln should be lost or forgotten. Every material thing connected with his life at any time or place should be cherished as a precious heritage of the American people.

No man can visit the home in which Lincoln lived at Springfield, or the tomb where rest his sacred ashes,



Quality Street in Hodgenville, the little town near the farm



There is no national park so near the centre of population of the United States as the Lincoln farm at Hodgenville, Ky.

without strongly feeling a renewed devotion to country, and a deeper responsibility as a citizen. To carry the personality of Abraham Lincoln in any measure over into the life of the coming generations is to render a great service to the public.

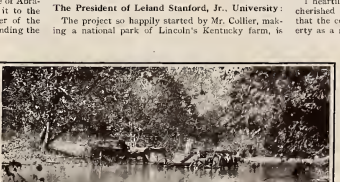
Mr. Collier, generous, wise, patriotic, has saved the birthplace of him who so loved the plain people, and who was so filled with the true spirit of their government that he found for them the simplest yet most potential definition of representative democracy ever uttered.

His birthplace, rescued and restored, shall forever tell its story and bear its message to those who come after us, and for all time make more secure a government of the people, by the people.

Robert M. La Follette.

The President of Leland Stanford, Jr., University:

The project so happily started by Mr. Collier, making a national park of Lincoln's Kentucky farm, is



The ford near the old mill across which the boy Lincoln used to drive an ox team

thoroughly wholesome. Lincoln was the wisest and most clear-sighted exponent of democracy, our greatest political leader, and the one who came nearest the hearts of the people. It was his power to touch the common man on his best side. It is the worse side for which the demagogue seeks. We have too little sentiment interwoven with our history. We need more of it, and this Lincoln shrine will intensify a feeling which is really worthy. It is good to worship heroes when the heroes themselves are good.

David Starr Jordan.

The Senator from West Virginia:

Your undertaking to rehabilitate the home of one of our greatest presidents, and to establish thereon a museum, is commendable from every point of view, and your endeavor has my best wishes and hearty endorsement.

S. B. Elkins.

The Governor of Arkansas:

I heartily endorse the project.

Jefferson Davis.

The Senator from Colorado:

The effort to acquire the farm on which Mr. Lincoln was born, and to make it a national park, will meet with the hearty approval of every patriotic American. Should it be done by voluntary contribution, the realization of the effort will the more clearly demonstrate the close sympathy between the masses and the great heart that was bor i upon its soil. I sincerely hope the movement will be crowned with immediate and overwhelming success.

Thomas M. Patterson.

The Editor of the Emporia "Gazette":

The movement to preserve the Lincoln farm for a national park deserves the encouragement of every patriotic citizen.

William Allen White.

The Ex-Secretary of the Treasury:

The movement to preserve the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, and establish it as a permanent park and museum, must appeal to the patriotic sentiment of the American people and enlist in behalf of your effort their hearty cooperation. I am sure you have my best wishes for success.

Lyman J. Gage.

The Rabbi of the Sinai Congregation of Chicago:

I most heartily endorse the project. The Mohammedan has his Mecca; the Christian, St. Peter's, Bethlehem, and the Holy Sepulchre; America has her Mount Vernon, Monticello, and should add to these Lincoln's birthplace. Where the best and noblest of our people was incarnated springs a well the pure waters of which can not but requicken the soul of the nation.

Emil G. Hirsch.

The Governor of Kansas:

The movement to make a great national museum and park of the farm on which Abraham Lincoln was born is certainly a most commendable one. I hope it will meet with the success it richly deserves.

Edward W. Hoch.

A Famous Sculptor:

I am heartily in sympathy with the project of a Lincoln national park. I believe it to be a noble idea and should be worthily carried out.

Augustus Saint Gaudens.

Ex-United States Minister to Germany:

I heartily join in the hope, which I think will be cherished by a vast majority of the American people, that the consecration of the Lincoln birthplace property as a national park may be accomplished as you propose. I also wish, at the same time, to express my thanks, as an American citizen, to Mr. Collier for his patriotic action in the matter.

Andrew D. White.

The Governor of Minnesota:

I most heartily endorse the project and plan to establish the Lincoln Birthplace Park. Fostering a spirit of patriotism, it would renew memories of the great martyred man who gave his country and people the unselfish service of his whole life. Minnesota will do her full share to realize the purpose of the project.

John A. Johnson.

The Senator from South Carolina:

There is not a man living who has a greater admiration for the character and ability of Abraham Lincoln than I.

He is the typical American, the greatest of them all, to my thinking. I heartily approve of any scheme, national or private, which looks to keeping the youth of America in touch with this great character in our history. *Benjamin R. Tillman.*

The Congressman from Tennessee:

I most heartily endorse the plan to preserve to the American people the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, and to convert into a national park and museum the one hundred and ten acres which made up the Thomas Lincoln farm. The State of Tennessee owns and protects the Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson. The old home—the first home—of that other rugged statesman, Abraham Lincoln, should be held as a sacred heritage in all the coming years. The proposition of its present owner to donate it to the American people is a patriotic one, and will, I feel sure, elicit national appreciation.
W. P. Brownlow.

The Senator from North Dakota:

The proposition to make a national museum of the farm in Kentucky on which Abraham Lincoln was born, meets with my unqualified approval. I think it is the proper thing to do, and have no doubt that patriotic people all over the country will approve of it.
H. C. Hansbrough.

An Author's Cooperation:

I heartily endorse the proposed Lincoln Birthplace Park, and I hasten to say that it will give me pleasure to cooperate with COLLIER'S so far as I am able. My magazine will carry the notice, and I will comment editorially from time to time.
Thomas E. Watson.

The Senator from Idaho:

I am heartily in sympathy with the sentiments and with the plan for securing this home as a shrine for the American people. I sincerely hope that the proposed plan will be carried out. *Weldon B. Heyburn.*

The Congressman from Kentucky:

I am pleased to know that it is Mr. Collier's purpose to have the farm upon which Abraham Lincoln was born converted into a national park and museum. I cordially commend the plan suggested because it affords every citizen of the Republic the opportunity to offer a tribute to the memory of the great War President. That the movement will be successful, I do not. I can not, doubt. I will cheerfully render any service that I may with propriety, if requested, in behalf of this patriotic endeavor. *D. H. Smith.*

The Author of the "Life of Abraham Lincoln":

I heartily endorse the plan of making a national park of the Lincoln birthplace. *Ida M. Tarbell.*

The President of the College of the City of New York:

I cordially approve the plan to put the people of the United States permanently in possession of the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. Its title should rest there, and I congratulate Mr Collier that he has made this possible. Wherever Lincoln's birthplace was, it should be kept a sacred place; but since as it is in the very heart of Kentucky, in territory which looks both North and South, there is especial reason for making it a shrine of our reunited life *John H. Finley.*

The Governor of Wyoming:

Such a movement as that inaugurated by COLLIER'S WEEKLY, to make a great national museum and park of the farm on which Abraham Lincoln was born, has my hearty approval and endorsement, and I will take pleasure in cooperating with you in every way possible. The life of this greatest of Americans will be an inspiration to the youth of our land during all the coming years.
B. B. Brooks.

The Senator from Louisiana:

I concur in the movement to make a great national museum and park of the farm on which Abraham Lincoln was born.
Samuel D. McEnery.

The Director of the Lincoln Centre, Chicago:

I rejoice that the suggestion urged two years ago in the columns of "Unity" are to be realized through the generosity of Mr. Collier. Every intelligent citizen now living and unborn millions will bless him for his patriotic foresight. The birthplace of the greatest American must no longer remain a neglected shrine.
Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic:

Mr. Collier's act in saving the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln from the grasp of sordid speculative greed is as purely a patriotic deed as has been performed in this country for years. In the name of the quarter of million members of the organization, at the head of which I have the honor to stand this year, I thank him most heartily.

We, of the war days, stood in a measure too close to Mr. Lincoln and his time to properly gage the mighty strength and grandeur of his character. But the years, as they have receded, have given us a better perspective, as our minds and our power to view and measure life and its real import have alike enlarged, till now we bow with all indulgent mankind reverently at his shrine, and view as almost sacred the scenes and the material matters with which he was intimately associated. By all means, let us dedicate to patriotism for evermore the fields so familiar to his youth.
James Tanner.

The Senator from Utah:

The movement inaugurated by COLLIER'S WEEKLY, looking to the setting apart of the farm upon which Abraham Lincoln was born as a great national museum and park, has my heartiest commendation. It will serve to keep alive in the minds of the American people the great services which the immortal President rendered to this country, and anything which does this is supremely worth while.
George Sutherland.

The Speaker of the House of Representatives:

I concede the patriotic sentiment as the one prevailing motive, but it seems to me that the purpose can be accomplished in another way that will make this proposed park a shrine of the people, and not of the Government. The disposition to make national parks, marked battlefields, and other historic places opens such a wide field that it would be impossible and perhaps undesirable to have the Government take possession and assume responsibility for all of them. It seems to me that it would be better for you to proceed as a citizen, incorporate your project, and carry it out as an incorporated body, responsible alone to the people, and make it in name as in fact a shrine of the common people, in no way connected with the Government, and free from official control or interference; for once accepted by the Government, it will be practically impossible to make conditions that would forever keep the park as its projectors would have it kept.
Joseph G. Cannon.

The Senator from North Carolina:

I heartily endorse the plans to convert the Lincoln farm into a national park. The American people will respond to the suggestion. *Lee S. Overman.*

The Senator from Washington:

The name of Lincoln, and all that is associated with the life of that grandly intellectual and divinely sympathetic American, should be cherished forever by the people of the United States. By all means, preserve the Lincoln farm. *Samuel H. Piles.*

The Senator from Wyoming:

I heartily approve the proposition to preserve and improve the farm which was the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, and will be glad to assist you in your efforts.
Francis E. Warren.

The President of Princeton University:

It seems to me that your proposal that the Lincoln farm in Kentucky should be converted into a national park is an excellent one, and I have no doubt it will meet the approval of public opinion at once.
Woodrow Wilson.

The Senator from Nevada:

I quite approve of your plan for developing the Lincoln birthplace into a park and building thereon a great national museum. I have no doubt that the plan will meet the sympathetic approval of the patriotic people of the country. *Francis G. Newlands.*

A Hodgenville Pastor:

I am the Catholic pastor of the parish in which the Lincoln birthplace is located. I heartily endorse your national movement to honor Abraham Lincoln's birthplace, and in the words of himself I would say: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in!" *A. Reinhart.*

Judge of the United States Circuit Court:

Permit me to commend the enterprise and patriotism of your efforts to preserve the birthplace and the dwelling in memory of his great name and character. *George Gray.*

The Governor of Illinois:

I have to say that I heartily approve of the project for the acquirement of the farm on which Abraham Lincoln was born and its maintenance as a national park and museum. I believe that the preservation of the historic spots of our country, and their identification with the lives or deeds which have made them famous, would be of great interest and educational value to future generations, as well as a powerful stimulus to patriotism. *Charles S. Deneen.*

Mrs. Logan Wishes Success.

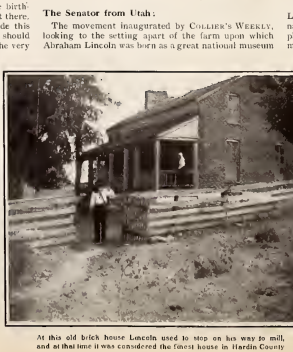
Cordially tender my best wishes for the success of your patriotic plan for the preservation of the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, the savior of the Union.
Mrs. John A. Logan.

LINCOLN—THE BOY

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

O SIMPLE as the rhymes that tell
The simplest tales of youth,
Or simple as a miracle
Beside the simplest truth,—
So simple seems the view we share
With our Immortals, sheer
From Glory looking down to where
They were as children here.

Or thus we know, nor doubt it not,
The boy he must have been
Whose budding heart bloomed with the thought
All men are kith and kin,—
With love-light in his eyes and shade
Of prescient tears:—Because
Only of such a boy were made
The loving man he was.



At this old brick house Lincoln used to stop on his way to mill, and at that time it was considered the finest house in Hardin County

The VALLEY of SUNSHINE and SHADOW



By ROWLAND THOMAS, Author of "Fagan," Winner of the $5,000 Prize in COLLIER'S Short Story Contest of 1904. Illustrated by F. E. Schoonover

FAR up in the northern end of Luzon the cloud-hung cordillera divides to east and west before it sinks abruptly in the sea, enclosing the great valley of the Cagayan. A dim, far-off region it has always been, of which the good folk of Manila spoke with vague words, as old men on the hills of Spain used to talk of Ultramar, that unknown somewhere into which their sons were forever disappearing. And even the people of the valley did not know it. At Aparri on the coast, where in the old days the bales of tobacco were piled like houses along the sandy streets in the shipping season, the busy laborers would tell you that it all came from "up there," with a wide sweep of the hand toward the south You took a canoe and went southward for days, between gray forests where the parrots screamed and monkeys climbed lazily down the creepers to scoop up water in their tiny hands, and you found tuguegarao sleeping on the bluffs, perched high and safe above the river, and men told you of the wonders to be seen "up there." And then after lazy days and days, poling upward past endless fields of corn and tobacco, you came to Ilagan, and the clerks in the offices of the Compañia General told you of the great plantations "up there." And then most men wearied of the journey, and gave up the quest of "up there," before they had gone half-way.

They should have kept on, for the real "up there" is the wonderful place they had heard of, a land of magnificent space, great stretches of plain and rolling hills. And in every little valley is a forest, where deer and wild boars and buffalo hide. And all the reaches of the river and the clear mountain streams, the pinacanauanes, are covered with clouds of ducks. And everywhere is tobacco—in the fields, and in the houses, and in the big flat-bottomed boats, the barangayanes, on the river. There is a stretch of country where it seems the rich, deep, warm soil can never tire of making things grow—tobacco and corn and flowers and canes and grasses and bamboo—so men have called it "La Flor de la Isabel," the flower of the land of good Queen Isabel. It is a very quiet region, but there is a charm in the broad fields, and the hot sunny air, and the wild hunts over plain and hill, and the expeditions now and then in search of gold in the distant purple mountains where the wild men live. The valley grows upon one till one forgets the hills of Spain and the people he knew, and even the nearer delights of Manila, and stays on "up there" till he passes from the world which had already forgotten him.

Sometimes they emerged for a moment, and even came to el Capital for the Christmas festivities, lean, bronzed, bearded men who wandered silent through the gay crowds. How should they speak when they knew nothing of all the gossip of the town—the ball of his Excellency, and Don Fulano's promotion, and the match between young Diego and the General's daughter? But let two of them meet in a café, and they could talk readily enough over the tiny glasses of cognac, though always in that quiet, self-retained way which all men of the open have. "B-r-r-gh, it's chilly here; it would not be like this in the valley."—"No, they will be planting now. And the river is rising; the young dare-devils will be having great sport shooting the rapids at Alcala. Remember the whirlpool on the west side?" —"Yes, and have you heard that Don Enrique will hold a great fiesta on Shrove Tuesday?"—"Well, he can afford it with this crop. He has covered more thousands this year than you have hairs on your chin, hombre."

Always the valley and the river and tobacco and Don Enrique. For Don Enrique was their lord. The great Company back in Barcelona and Madrid might control everything—the lean, silent white men, and the brown, toiling thousands in the fields, and the boats on the river, and the great white fortresses of warehouses—but in the valley Don Enrique was Company and King. For him they toiled and died forgotten, from him they thankfully received their meagre wage, and when an order came signed in his heavy hand, "Valdez y de las Vegas," all men hurried to do his will. Any one would be glad to serve such a man. For there was a Valdez with every great captain that ever sailed, and a Vegas keeps his hat on with the proudest yet. And since this is a commercial age, and mere family renown can count for little beside wealth, each year brought Don Enrique one hundred thousand pesos, five hundred thousand pesetas, eight hundred thousand reales! Mira, amigo, you could buy your bread and sausage with that, and have a bit left for a little present to the wife, eh?

And then he was no make-believe ruler, this Don Enrique. He knew the valley, every day's journey of it, from lonely Cordon, lying in the threatening shadow of the pass, to the latest change in the bar outside Aparri; knew the capacity of each warehouse to the last bale; knew the shifting channel of the river, and could foretell the treacherous floods. And he knew what each subordinate was doing. No one knew when to expect a visit, and there were few who did not dread being called to ride with him. Yet he would dismount at the end of a long day in the saddle with as much calm grace as though he were returning from a canter round the town.

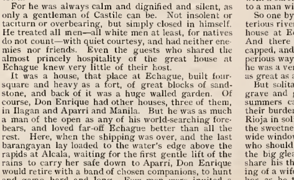
For he was always calm and dignified and silent, as only a gentleman of Castile can be. Not insolent or taciturn or overbearing, but simply closed in himself. He treated all men—all white men at least, for natives do not count—with quiet courtesy, and had neither enemies nor friends. Even the guests who shared the almost princely hospitality of the great house at Echague knew very little of their host.

It was a house, that place at Echague, built four-square and heavy as a fort, of great blocks of sandstone, and back of it was a huge walled garden. Of course, Don Enrique had other houses, three of them, in Ilagan and Aparri and Manila. But he was as much a man of the open as any of his world-searching forebears, and loved far-off Echague better than all the rest. Here, when the shipping was over, and the last barangayan lay loaded to the water's edge above the rapids at Alcala, waiting for the first gentle lift of the rains to carry her safe down to Aparri, Don Enrique would retire with a band of chosen companions, to hunt and game hard and long. Few men were invited a second time, or wished to be, for with all his courtesy, Don Enrique was an exacting host in the hunting season. Long before dawn the hounds would be belling in the patio, the great tiled courtyard, and the sleepy guest, turning on his pillow for another nap, would hear a mighty splashing from the room of his host, and the vicious squeals of the fiery little stallions in the stables, and the clink of stirrups and bits and spears. And before the unhappy sportsman could quite fall asleep, there would come a peal of trumpets in the haunting reveille, and boys pounding at each door: "Ready, Señores, ready. Your coffee is ready." And so they were up and away in a mad rush over hill and valley through the gloom, anything but attractive to a man who had a decent regard for his neck.

And when they returned Don Enrique would come riding at the head of the long line, grave and composed as ever, while the huntsmen were loaded down with a beautiful great buck or a boar killed by a single thrust of which the greatest matador in Madrid would not have been ashamed. Then after the huge hunt breakfast would come the welcome rest of the siesta, and in the evening a mighty game, mallilla or monte or billiards, for Don Enrique played as he worked or rode, with a carelessness of consequences not at all pleasant to a man with a decent regard for his purse.

So one by one the guests sailed away down the mysterious river, and left Don Enrique alone in the great house at Echague, to be master of all he surveyed. And there he moved about his lost world, and was capped, and bowed down to, and had his courteous, imperious way, until I think he really began to feel that he was a very great man indeed. And perhaps he was as great as any other.

But solitary grandeur has its drawbacks, even to as grave and great a man as Don Enrique; and as the summers came treading on each others' heels with their burden of endless days, Don Enrique, sipping his Rioja in solitary state in the great dining-room, where the sweetness of orange-blossoms stole in through the wide windows, began to dream dreams of a companion who should sit always with him of an evening across the big gleaming table, or come close beside him and share his thoughts. No, Don Enrique was not thinking of a wife; Don Enrique had had a wife, and "lost" her, as he told the world. But there was his "little girl," Mercedes, back in a great gray convent in Madrid. His little girl he called her in the letters he sent back each month, for she always lived in his memory as the shy little maid he had given to a sweet-voiced Mother Superior so many years before. It was for her that he had been working all these years, and piling up these princely possessions, and over his grave proud face would come a look of almost womanish tenderness when he thought of her. This thought of her had sustained him in all the loneliness, and he had always dreamed of her coming as the final crowning touch to his life. "Sometime," said Don Enrique often to the lizards darting about the table of an evening, as lizards will, "sometime she shall come to us." And somehow sometime always lingered in the future.



There were the river and the great clumsy boats

But at last one evening, when the odor of the blossoms hung very heavy in the damp, still air, and the thunder was muttering in the pass far back of Santa Lucia, Don Enrique stopped his sipping and looked very hard at the great-grandfather of all the lizards, a tremendous old fellow almost, five inches long. And the lizard returned the stare with his bright, beady eyes.

"Por Dios, my big friend," said Don Enrique to the lizard at last, "she shall come to us at once." And if you realize what a very great man Don Enrique

was, you will understand that when he began to make companions of the lizards, even the biggest and most respectable of them, it was quite time that he sent for Doña Mercedes.

So letters came and went, and at last one Christmas season Don Enrique found himself in Manila, waiting for the good old *Isla de Panay* to bring his little girl to him. Many longing hearts have followed those old ships of the Spanish Mail in the days that are gone. For all this was long ago. Only eight or ten years as you count, perhaps, but I have seen Doña Mercedes' eyes, and they told me that it all happened long, long ago, when the world was very young indeed.

But the old ship did not bring Don Enrique his little girl after all. I wish you could have seen the Doña Mercedes who did come. Your heart would have beaten as fast, I hope, as that of the spruce young lieutenant who almost let her fall as he was helping her into the launch, and retired quite as full of blushes and confusion and speechlessness as if he had never worn shoulder-straps and a smart little sword, and been aide-de-camp to his Excellency the Gobernador-General. For Doña Mercedes was tall and slight, with all the stateliness of her house, and her head was poised like a queen's on her slender neck, and her little high-arched feet seemed scarce to touch the deck. Yet it was not the proud lady who made the young lieutenant's hand unsteady—he lived and moved among proud ladies—it was the eyes of the young girl. For Doña Mercedes still looked out on the world from the shelter of the convent window with such a gentle, timid, inquiring smile in the depths of her great dark eyes that she was far more dangerous to the peace and happiness of his Majesty's forces than all the natives of the Philippines, with Cuba thrown in besides.

When Don Enrique saw the eyes of the stately lady who had come to him in place of his little girl he was comforted, for so the little maid whom he gave to the Mother Superior had looked at him. And Tia Maria had good report to make. "She is the best, dearest, kindest child in the world," said Tia Maria. "She is as good as the Virgin herself, and never has a fault. Only she will not keep her feet dry; and oh! Don Enrique, if you could see how I have to work to make her care for her complexion, and—" I suppose old servants are the same all the world over. So Don Enrique received his little girl, the very finest little girl in all the world, which is not surprising when you consider what a very great man her father was.

While they were getting acquainted, as he put it, Don Enrique condescended to share Doña Mercedes with the little world of Manila. He gave a great ball, and his Excellency danced the old minuet with her, whereat the beholders cried that the days of chivalry were come again. Doña Mercedes smiled a little and blushed a little, and the stout, red-faced old General led her to his stout, jolly old wife with the remark: "My dear, when you are good enough to die, here is your successor, if an old soldier—" and he dropped forty years and a dozen campaigns to make her a wonderful bow. "Tush, old wives are good enough for such as you," said her Excellency. "Sit down here beside me, my dear, and tell me how you like Manila."

"It is very good to be with my father again," said Doña Mercedes simply, "and you are all so kind to me."

And then the young officers who had been tugging at their fierce mustaches, and settling their chins in their stocks, came tramping stiffly up and begging for the honor. So it went on for several weeks, until one day her Excellency called. "Valdez," said she, in her straightforward way, "are you going to marry your daughter or not?"—"That, madame," he replied, "depends on—"—"On whether you find anyone good enough for her, eh?" said her Excellency. "And there is none good enough; is there, Valdez?"—"Not one in the world, madame," he replied gravely, but with the gleam of a smile. Somehow most people smiled when this simple old lady was near. "Not one in the world, madame," said Don Enrique. "But marriage is not a necessity of life; my little girl and I will be happy together for a time, I hope." "Love of the saints!" cried her Excellency; he is as young as his daughter. He thinks to keep the bees always away from his honey. Look at their eyes; they are boy and girl together. God grant you may be successful, Valdez. She is a dear, sweet child. But take her away to your kingdom," she added. "They are busy bees, and gay uniforms are bad for little girls who are to love only their fathers—and besides, I can't find an aide to do an errand for me while she is in town."

So Doña Mercedes, having had only a taste of the life most people lead, passed from the lost world of the convent to the lost world of the valley, with her proud, dainty ways, and a friendly inquiring smile in her eyes for every one she met. I suppose you can't understand how Doña Mercedes felt; one must step directly from the convent to the world to do that. But, of course, her smile was friendly, for she had never known any one who was not a friend; and it was inquiring, for the world was all one great puzzle to her, and she was interested in all the multitude of people she saw, who were doing so many hard and disagreeable and useless things. Of bad things, of course, she knew nothing, except for some words in her prayers. So Doña Mercedes, young woman and little girl, looked into the world with frank, interested eyes.

And she found it a very delightful place. There was the great house, with its thick walls and heavily barred windows, and big, dark, cool rooms. And the garden, with the old familiar orange and lemon trees and tinkling fountains. There were strange, sweet, new trees as well, ylang-ylang and clove and cinnamon, and a hundred other cool, fragrant, snowy-blossomed things, and poincianas and orchids and palms and great ferns. Best of all, trained up and about her windows were real Spanish roses, big white and red and pink and yellow fellows. And at the far end of the garden was a wide-spreading old veteran of a mango, big as a small mountain, and in its shade a little summer-house for her, almost hidden in a tangle of roses. Here she used to sit through the day, embroidering or reading or dozing. It might have seemed like a dull life to you, but then you never knew the quiet of the convent—and the peace of it.

Besides, always she looked forward to the evening. You never knew that either, perhaps—the coolness and delight of the tropical evening, coming after the long glare of the day, when through the windows steals the fresh, damp air, heavy with the scent of flowers and moist earth, and one hears the strange cries of birds and insects, and sees the big, silent, fluttering bats and the fireflies that make a living fountain of every tree, and all these but passing shadows on the background of a dim, happy, sleepy world of darkness.

Most of all, Doña Mercedes was interested in the creatures that worked and played in this huge new world. First there was her father. The long evenings were never too long with him, for Don Enrique cast aside all the gravity and dignity and silence, and laughed and jested and talked and dreamed with his little girl, till the grandfather of all the lizards became disgusted at the unseemly disturbance of the established order, and retired with an indignant flip of the tail which nearly lost him that brittle member. Then there was good, grumbling Tia Maria, who found it hard to adjust herself to new conditions.



Don Enrique was their lord

"How can one live in a country where there are no sidewalks?" mourned Tia Maria, "and where there are monkeys and bats—u-r-g-hh—and scorpions and spiders? Spiders big as that, as That, child!" cried Tia Maria, pushing out a sturdy foot from under her limp black skirt.

Then there were the servants, with their eternal cheery smiles and careless ways, who first revealed to Doña Mercedes that she had the family temper. And the women and the little brown babies in the town and the dull men in the fields—Mercedes wondered if it was not very hot and unpleasant to work in the fields, and so smiled most kindly at them, till they forgot their sullenness and smiled back. Then there were the treacherous river, and the great clumsy boats, and the fierce-looking rivermen with their knives, and bright handkerchiefs about their heads. And once she met some wild men in the street—sturdy fellows with great muscles and long black hair, stiff and rough as the mane of a horse, dressed mostly, to her frightened gaze, in shields and spears and head-axes and knives. But when she smiled timidly they responded with wide grins, and tried to sell her their little silver pipes and copper betel-nut boxes.

So Doña Mercedes moved about, learning many things concerning life even in that far-off valley. She was destined to learn the greatest thing of all there, but that came later. I've often wished I could have seen the stately, slender child-woman in those days, with her big, inquisitive eyes—seen her just as the Captain did, when he came tearing into town to see her and nearly ran over her. It was characteristic of Captain Manuel to come that way, forty miles in four hours, when after two slow months the news of her arrival penetrated far into the mountains, where he was happily busy hunting ladrones. It was characteristic of him to gallop full tilt down on the lady he had come to see before he knew she was there. And it was characteristic of him also to rein his horse back on its haunches with one tug, and sweep off his hat with a gesture that would have outdone Don Quixote himself, and insist on escorting the lady to her home, despite the startled grumbling of Tia Maria and a sudden access of stateliness on Doña Mercedes' part.

Everything Captain Manuel did was characteristic, for he was a Catalan. And while no one can foretell what a Catalan may do, it is always safe to say that he will do what he pleases and do it with all his might. And this gray-eyed, fair-haired boy, with the frank smiling face, had chosen to play at living thus far. He was the commander of the Guardia Civil in all the southern valley, put in that unenviable post that puzzled bureaucrats might be safe from his unbounded energy. And he played with the bandits and outlaws and savages, purposely left them undisturbed that they might grow bold, and then went out with a laugh and destroyed them as you would a cage of rats. And when the fighting was over he would come back unwearied and amuse himself with wondrous speculations in tobacco, or stake his last dollar on a stroke at billiards with Don Enrique. And the most fascinating of all the playthings he had discovered in his brief life was something he was pleased to call love. He played at that with his usual wholeheartedness, till a score of girls up and down the valley were ever watching for the lithe figure on the wild black horse, and more than a score of men were breathing threats of vengeance, whereat the Captain laughed boyishly, and invited the discontented to step out and settle it once for all with pistol or rifle or knife or spear or bolo or bare hands.

I'm sorry you couldn't have known Captain Manuel, instead of merely hearing about him from me, for you will get the idea that he was a good-for-nothing young reprobate, whereas he was only a gay, good-hearted boy, dissipating his splendid strength in a hundred useless ways, just because no one had ever shown him a useful way. But he was a dangerous person, with his ready tongue and tossing hair, to come dancing before the wondering eyes of that bewildered woman-child, Doña Mercedes. Dangerous to Don Enrique's dreams of the future, I mean. For, of course, he fell in love with Doña Mercedes at once. He was quite sure of that before he had walked a dozen steps with the lady that first evening.

With him, to decide that he was in love was to be there; so behold the Captain of a morning after drill come clanking to the little summer-house, all brave in sword and spurs, to sit and regale Doña Mercedes with weird tales of the little fights, till terrified Tia Maria crossed herself again and peered anxiously up into the branches of the old mango, more than half expecting to see a naked head-hunter there, ready to leap upon her venerable wig. And Doña Mercedes, poor little stately Mercedes, watched this strange newcomer as she had watched all others, but with a shade more interest, for she felt that she understood him. The frank, friendly smile in his eyes seemed so exactly as she felt to all the world.

Soon she began to find his presence a welcome relief to the length of the days, and missed him when he did not come. Don Enrique should have taken care then. But Don Enrique was careless. In the first place, it was rather a strenuous undertaking to keep Captain Manuel away from where he chose to be. And in the next, any fear that he could move the heart of Doña Mercedes was absurd. Why, he was only a penniless youngster, without a "de" or a "y" or a "Don" to his name, and she was Doña Mercedes, a Valdez, and a Vegas; and, furthermore, she had him, Don Enrique, to fill her every want. So Don Enrique smiled and jested and talked and dreamed of an evening in the great dining-room with his little girl and was very happy. And Captain Manuel laughed and joked and sang in the little summer-house of a morning, and was in heaven, or thought he was, which, after all, amounts to just as much for the moment. And Doña Mercedes looked on them all with friendly inquiring eyes.

At last one morning he was holding a skein of silk for her, and Tia Maria had fallen into an uneasy doze through very excess of terror at the latest tale. Several times their eyes met when the skein was tangled—such a tiny skein of golden-yellow silk to mean so much. And each time Doña Mercedes became more stately and more timid, while the Captain flushed like a little boy. Their talk died away to broken sentences, and then the hush of noontide lay over the great cool, fragrant garden, and only the heavy droning of the bees among the roses broke the stillness, and Doña Mercedes put out a fluttering hand to clear another snarl, and—Tia Maria popped bolt upright in her chair. "Blood of all the blessed saints!" she cried, "what was that I heard?" And she peered up into the gently stirring leaves of the great tree, and made ready to flee.

"It was a wild man, perhaps," said the Captain with a tremulous laugh; and Doña Mercedes took up the conversation quite as composedly as if she had lived in the world all her life. But when the Captain was leaving she murmured: "You must tell Don Enrique."

Of course, he told Don Enrique at once, and, of course, Don Enrique was quite astonished at what had been going on right under his patrician nose, and quite

scandalized, and very positive, in his grave, courteous way, that such thoughts must be dropped once for all —positive as only a great man who ruled a valley could be. And Captain Manuel was quite sure that he loved the lady, could not live without her, would win her in the end—sure as only a big, impetuous heart like his could make a man. So Don Enrique politely regretted that neither Doña Mercedes nor himself could have the honor of receiving the Captain again, and the Captain bowed very low and clanked out under the big gloomy arch of the gateway for almost the last time.

Now I doubt if either Doña Mercedes or the Captain had really been in love. But they were ready to grow into it, and forced separation has been a fertile soil for the growth of love ever since the world began. The little girl was very dutiful and sat with her father every evening, merry and smiling and tender as ever; but across the big gleaming table she would sometimes see a vision of a merry boyish face. Don Enrique had seen visions across that same table, you remember. Perhaps in time Doña Mercedes might have watched the vision till it came to be more to her than the great house, and the family name, and the love of her father himself.

And the Captain fell into a very fever of devotion, and for more than a month he stayed in his quarters, writing Catalan love-songs on the edges of commissary returns, and gazing gloomily at his sword and spurs. Billiards and cards knew him no more, the black horse fretted in the paddock and looked unsayable things at the frightened groom, and the brown-skinned girls of the countryside lived in peace and amity with their lovers. Perhaps his devotion might have endured, and all that splendid energy of his might have been turned to good and useful things at last.

Those things the little gods chose to keep a secret, just as they had put it into the head of a peasant named Aguinaldo to be priest-ridden no longer; just as they had moved the friars to put to death a young man named Jose Rizal. Outside there had long been rumors of ugly things: sudden secret death, and smoldering insurrection, and killing of priests and burning of towns and terror-stricken people everywhere. And now at last they penetrated to the far-off valley—stories of raids on distant haciendas, and assassinations on lonely trails, and a little army massed in the foothills. It was as if a chill wind swept over the sunny plains, and rolling hills, and busy, treacherous river; and none of the lean, bearded, bronzed men could tell whence it came. Don Enrique, that great man, heeded it not, and when news came of a wondrous big buck seen near Ascaris he insisted on setting out to capture it. "A bit of venison is what you need to put the roses back," he said to Doña Mercedes, standing tall and strong in his boots, and tapping her cheek with his gauntlet. "Insurrection! Nonsense, chiquita, it is but the talk of these poor foolish Indians. I wave my riding-whip at



The poor, foolish Indian stopped their proud Spanish hearts

them, and phooh!"—he blew a quick breath, kissed her, and rode off in the gray chill of the morning.

But toward evening a man dragged himself in—old Canuto, the huntsman, cut and bleeding—and told Doña Mercedes how the party had been ambuscaded and had fought their way to a thicket of bamboo, and how they must have help or perish. While she still stood half stunned and helpless came Captain Manuel, uncalled, and said simply: "I am going to him, Doña mia." He did not tell her that all the country was up in arms, that he was going to his death. I doubt if he even thought of it as he stood before her and saw her big, beseeching eyes. All the carelessness and lightness of his nature were washed out as he stood before the lady for whom he was to die. And yet, as he turned to go, a bit of the spirit of old Spain stirred in him, and he bent toward her. "I kiss your hand, my lady," he said. And then Doña Mercedes understood that he was saying farewell, and with a little cry flung herself into his arms. One little moment she knew that all the secret of life was hers—and then she took a white rose from her hair and gave it to him. "My colors for my knight!" she said, and none of her house had ever stood more proud and stately to watch their knights go out to battle. And none ever went more steadfast and strong and lovable than that simple boy of the common folk.

There's not much more to tell, of course. The Captain found Don Enrique, and at dawn they went out together, with their men, in one of those deeds of splendid courage that once made their country mistress of half the world. But one of those poor, foolish Indians, with a good Mauser, and a firm rest at five hundred metres, and the wrongs of three centuries to right, stopped their poor, proud Spanish hearts.

The few men who were left brought them back to Doña Mercedes, standing pale and stately in the great courtyard, and on Don Enrique's breast was a miniature that might have been his little girl, but was not, and on the Captain's was a white rose dabbled with red.

As I said, all this happened long ago, when the world was young. I know, for I rode through Echague the other day, and I saw Doña Mercedes' eyes. They are friendly and inquiring still, but the smile comes from an old, old heart. And yet, after all, why should we blame the little gods? Don Enrique and the Captain are very quiet indeed in the great garden, and perhaps the valley is none the less happy that their imperious wills are quiet, too. The river still runs and the boatmen sing on its long reaches, and the hot, sunny air floats over field and hill and forest with vivifying strength, and you would hardly know that they were gone. Perhaps Don Enrique could never have been reconciled, perhaps the Captain might have changed. There are a dozen perhapses. And now Doña Mercedes has the great house—after all, it is not unlike a convent in its quiet and its peace—and the memory of two strong men who loved her unto death.

TOWN TOPICS *vs.* COLLIER'S

VERDICT AGAINST JUDGE DEUEL. COLONEL MANN ARRESTED FOR PERJURY

ON January 26 the jury in the criminal proceedings brought by Judge Deuel of "Town Topics" against this paper brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty," thus justifying our charge that a judge who was associated with a scandal-mongering and blackmailing publication deserved to lose his place.

The next day Colonel W. D. Mann was arrested for perjury. The rest of the work belongs to others, not to us. We expect, of course, to hear no more of the other three "Town Topics" libel suits.

Justice Deuel's connection with "Town Topics," as revealed by his own testimony, was set forth in the digest of the evidence published in last week's COLLIER'S. The methods of the paper and its various schemes of blackmailing were brought out in detail, during the subsequent progress of the case, by the testimony of Colonel Mann, several of his former employees, and some of his victims. Colonel Mann admitted, under cross-examination, that he had borrowed within the past ten or twelve years nearly $185,000 from about a dozen men, most of them New Yorkers. For about half of this sum, he said, he had given no security. In return for some loans he had given "Town Topics" stock, which of late years has paid no dividends. Much questioning failed to bring out any satisfactory explanation of the willingness of wealthy men thus to loan large sums to the Colonel without the ordinary formalities of security. The names of the men from whom he had borrowed, and the sums they loaned him, were given by Colonel Mann as follows:

"James R. Keene, $90,000; William K. Vanderbilt, $25,000; John W. Gates, $20,000; Dr. W. Seward Webb, $14,000; William C. Whitney, $10,000; Morton Trust Company, $10,000; Collis P. Huntington, $5,000; Roswell P. Flower, $3,000; J. Pierpont Morgan, $2,500; Howard Gould, $2,500; Grant B. Schley, $1,500; George S. Scott, $1,000—Total, $184,500."

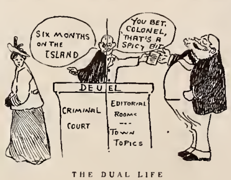
Charles Stokes Wayne, the former managing editor of "Town Topics," testified that "Town Topics" had a list of forty or fifty "immunes," about whom nothing unpleasant was to be printed. Those of the "immunes" whom Wayne could recall were:

"Gen. Russell A. Alger, James Hazen Hyde, Perry Belmont, James R. Keene, W. K. Vanderbilt, George J. Gould, J. Pierpont Morgan, A. J. Cassatt, Melville E. Stone, August Belmont, Senator W. A. Clark, George H. Daniels, Stuyvesant Fish, Henry M. Flagler, Abraham H. Hummel, E. Clarence Jones, Thomas W. Lawson, Harry Lehr, John E. Madden, Reginald Ward, Creighton Webb, Charles T. Yerkes."

Wayne said that the Colonel had once suggested to him that the list be put up in the office, where all the employees could see it, so that they would know who was not to be "roasted." Occasionally a person would be placed on the "immune" list, but later would be removed from it, still later, after a satisfactory understanding had been reached, to be made an "immune" again. Every one mentioned in the paragraphs of "Town Topics" was indexed, Wayne said, so that he or she might be referred to immediately. In testifying to Justice Deuel's relation to the paper, witness stated that Justice Deuel came to the "Town Topics" office on Tuesday nights to read proofs and edit them.

The manner of exploiting "Fads and Fancies" was explained by Robert A. Irving and Moses E. Wooster. Wooster had suggested the scheme. Irving was a solicitor. Irving said that a "victim" was told that inasmuch as "Town Topics" had always treated him pleasantly, Colonel Mann would take it as a favor if he would subscribe. "I don't suppose," said District Attoney Jerome, "that you ever came right out and said that they must shell out or 'Town Topics' would roast them, but that was about the size of it, wasn't it?"

"Well," replied the witness, "I told them that Colonel Mann was a great fellow to get in with distin-



THE DUAL LIFE

From the New York "Evening Journal," January 23, 1906

guished people. There was no occasion to threaten to roast people; it was all done by flattery." Wooster testified that Justice Deuel told him that he did not wish subscribers to get the impression that this was a "strike" on the part of "Town Topics." He feared they would think so, and wanted Wooster to be very careful how the subject was broached. It was at first thought that $500 a volume would be a big enough price for the book, but Colonel Mann finally decided that $1,500 would be about right. Justice Deuel, Wooster testified, was practically in charge of the "Fads and Fancies" enterprise after "Town Topics" took it up. Among the people Wooster approached was Commodore Gerry, to whom he went with a letter of introduction from Justice Deuel, written on City Magistrate's stationery. Commodore Gerry refused to subscribe, whereupon Justice Deuel wrote him a letter defending "Town Topics," and citing instances in which attempts to pay hush money for suppressing paragraphs had failed. Mr. James A. Burden, Jr., another of the prospective "victims," told on the stand how Wooster had come to him, and when he declined to subscribe had said that "Town Topics" had always treated him well, that Colonel Mann "wielded a trenchant pen" and if he did not subscribe the Burden family might not be treated so well in the future. Mr. Peter Cooper Hewitt testified to a similar experience. Mr. Creighton Webb told of the vicious attacks which had been made upon him in "Town Topics," and of his various efforts to get Colonel Mann to "let up" on him, ending with Mr. Webb's telling Mann, finally, that his "back was against the wall," and that he would stand no more. Mr. Bernard Baker, of Baltimore, told of unpleasant paragraphs that appeared in "Town Topics" about his family, and a suggestion of Colonel Mann's that they might indulge in "reciprocity." He gave "Town Topics" some advertising, and while it was in the paper the criticisms ceased.

Mr. Wayne, being recalled, explained the "Town Topics" device of printing one unpleasant anonymous paragraph, immediately followed by a harmless "key" paragraph giving the names of the persons referred to in the anonymous one. The case closed with the testimony of Mr. Robert J. Collier, who assumed all responsibility for the libelous editorial, and of Mr. Norman Hapgood, who stated that much of the knowledge on which he based his editorial was obtained from the District Attorney himself.

In summing up the case, Mr. Shepard, of counsel for the defence, said in part:

"'Town Topics' has been publishing, at the rate of 600 a year, articles describing mean, disgraceful, and loathsome acts against men and women. Still we find that in the last fifteen years the first man to be indicted in connection with 'Town Topics' is the editor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY. This is an extraordinary thing. . . . Section 1,416 of the charter says, that judges shall not practice law or carry on any business. The law puts it beyond all doubt that it means all kinds of business—an absolute prohibition against Judge Deuel. He violated the law, and in my opinion he ought to be removed from the bench. He played 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' when he sat on the bench and acted as a 'Town Topics' editor. We say that he violated the law in his connection with 'Town Topics' and subsidiary companies, and that he knew it.

"We say that 'Town Topics' prints scandal about those who were not cowardly enough to pay for silence. We say, moreover, that his connection with the publication was sufficient to make him a corrupt judge. He was a judge and he was corrupt. . . . Who was the head of this conspiracy? One man towered above them all, the man with the trenchant pen. Judge Deuel holds the second place in this combination, and there is no doubt that Daniels, the treasurer, was one of the conspirators. Then there were the

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All other shaped hose have seams like this in leg sole and toe

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The Burson stocking is knit to shape in leg, ankle, heel, foot and toe without seam, corner or uneven thread anywhere. It keeps its shape. The Burson is the only stocking in the world thus knit.

A new pair for every pair that fails is our guarantee. Prices, 25c, 35c, and 50c.

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This revolver is positively locked against accidental discharge. The perfect arm for the pocket or the home. Is reliable, accurate and is backed by the Colt guarantee, for over fifty years the Firearms Standard of the world.

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A large $5 faucet water motor for a limited time $3.50, complete, with the Morton guarantee. Attached to any faucet. For polishing, sharpening and grinding. Runs all kinds of light machines like sewing and washing machines, lathe, drill, dynamo, buzz saw, etc. Nearly twice as large as any other advertised motor. Outfit includes emery wheel, cloth buffing wheel, felt polishing wheel, seasoned wood pulley, leather belting, polishing material, oil can, washers and printed instructions. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Order now, or write immediately for Morton's FREE motor book. Agents wanted.

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The fastest boat of its size and power built; length, 22 feet—6 and 10 H. P., Mullins Reversible Engine—Speed, 11-14 miles an hour. Fast—Safe—Noiseless. The lowest priced "Good" motor boat built.

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Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats, which illustrates and describes our complete line of craft.

Mullins Pressed Steel Pleasure Boats are the ideal boats for families, summer resorts, boat liveries, etc. They are absolutely safe.

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Rocking Chair, Bed, High Chair and Go-Cart combined



Splendid for the "new baby;" and adjustable for it as it grows older. Designed on special hygienic lines, beautifully made, very strong. Babies love the gentle, healthful motion. Physicians endorse Glascock's—the standard. Sold with or without Go-Cart attachment. Buy of your dealer or of us direct, if he hasn't Glascock's Jumper. 30 days' FREE Trial. Write for catalog and mother's manual, "The 20th Century Baby," FREE.

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lesser conspirators, men perhaps who had been crowded against the wall by hardship. Then we have Rowe, the Professor of Mathematics, who got into a boys' school to get the secrets of a girls' school. Then we have the filth, dirt, and iniquity from the correspondents in the other cities. They, too, were in the conspiracy.

"Then there was always some one who could guard them from the law; who so fit as a lawyer? Who so fit as a Judge of the Criminal Court? In the instructions issued from 'Town Topics' office correspondents were told that it was better to use a rapier than a bludgeon; it was safer.

"A son reads aspersions on the character of his father. A clergyman finds himself accused of things unspeakable. The District Attorney could not restrain his righteous indignation yesterday when he asked a young man why he did not thrash Colonel Mann. Imagine the things men read in this paper about their wives, sisters, daughters, or their mothers! Would you go to law about it, and make it public and swear to the innocence of one near and dear, or rather would you take the law in your own hands in the form of a bludgeon, a pistol, or a horsewhip? If you did that, every paper would print the following day in big headlines that story of your attempt at vindication. Then you would have brought unhappiness to her who knew nothing about it. Then you must grin and bear it, or make it worse. It is a crime that is rarely punished without punishing the innocent really more. Is that the character of the paper called 'Town Topics?' All of us who have spent a ten-cent piece for a copy of it have helped to make it useful for the proprietors, and we are responsible. . . . If a man with a 'Town Topics' card came to my office, it would produce a cold chill. He does not say: 'Your money or your life.' He is very polite and deferential. 'Town Topics' printed a most offensive, vile, and disgusting libel against E. Clarence Jones. He is visited, and from him is got $10,000, and most complimentary notices appear about him thereafter. Colonel Mann goes to a trust company, of which Thomas F. Ryan is the vice-president, and says: 'I desire to borrow $10,000,' and Colonel Mann, the insolvent, the judgment-proof, gets it without security.

"Then there is the loan of $76,000 from James R. Keene overnight. If we wanted that much we would have to wait twenty, thirty, sixty days to get it. That is what happens to men whose cards do not bear the name of 'Town Topics.'"

At this point Mr. Shepard held up a printed sheet of paper over six feet long, and pointing to it, continued:

"On one column of this strip of paper we have articles about O. H. P. Belmont, who refused to buy shares or lend money. It is a column of odious and detestable matter, more or less. Perry Belmont is approached, and he probably has before his mind his distinguished public services. He quivered a little bit, but $4,000 was not much to him, and so we have this column of praise, everything meant to be delightful, from January 7, 1900, to November 30, 1905.

"Next, we have Creighton Webb, who 'found his back against the wall.' Even if he was no expert swordsman or marksman, he is a dangerous man, and 'Town Topics' becomes silent.

"Then there is another man, whose name I shall not repeat, a man distinguished in public life. The iron pierced his soul and he died. Was he a coward? He read those odious things about himself; that he was an outcast. The rapier had pierced his heart. . . . If you do not believe that there was this conspiracy to exact the money by process of blackmail, there is nothing more that I could say.

"But there is something of a wider view. In the last twelve months of our history there has been an awakening of the public conscience. From time to time the moral faculties grow a little dim and the moral position becomes a little weak. There is a higher standing in politics, business, and finance. This exposition of blackmailing fits perfectly with this larger view.

"A great journal spreads those criticisms that are necessary to the life and health of the American people. If so, must the editor become the defendant in an indictment? He renders the first and divinest service that can be rendered by any citizen in the land. And you are asked to be the agents to punish him for the first, best, and truest duty to the citizens of the land!"

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS

A Good Job

"The proprietors and editors of COLLIER'S WEEKLY have performed a distinguished public service, notable in the history of New York journalism, which the general public should not be slow in recognizing.

"Particularly should all honest newspapers, daily or hebdomadal, be glad of the courage and celerity, and proud of the artistic thoroughness, with which COLLIER'S and its counsel have finished this good job."—*New York Sun, January 27, 1906.*

Journalism of the Gutter

"The acquittal of Norman Hapgood on the charge of criminal libel is a great victory for decency. The editor and the proprietors of COLLIER'S WEEKLY were actuated by a high sense of duty, when they told the unvarnished truth about Justice Joseph M. Deuel's connection with Colonel William d'Alton Mann and his nasty sheet, 'Town Topics.' Fortunately, COLLIER'S is prosperous as well as courageous, and, when called upon to defend itself, was able to wage the contest to the bitter end. It secured skilled counsel, and in the collection of evidence it spared neither energy nor expense. The result was a sickening revelation of the weakness and vanity of men prominent in the financial and the fashionable life of this community. 'Town Topics' was exposed as a parasite upon the social body. Its editor, a bankrupt in fortune and in character, was filling his pockets by bullying the rich who might be liable to attack in his columns, by selling them stock at preposterous prices, by borrowing from them on worthless security, or by whining at their doors. A more repulsive picture of journalism of the gutter has never been drawn. All these facts COLLIER'S fearlessly laid bare. The medicine, though bitter, has been wholesome. If New York society and the country in general profit by it, the credit will be due to COLLIER'S, which fought the good fight.

"And how about the complainant in this action? COLLIER'S declared that it was disgraceful for a judge to be connected with 'a paper of which the occupation is printing scandals about people who are not cowardly enough to pay for silence.' Justice Deuel appealed to the courts for redress. It took the jury seven minutes to decide that COLLIER'S was right, and that, as a matter of fact, Deuel's conduct is disgraceful. He has violated the provision of the charter which forbids him to accept employment outside his regular duties. This employment, had it even been legal, would have been impossible for any man who was not lost to all sense of propriety or honor. Deuel is no callow youth, upon whose ignorance or inexperience Mann has imposed. His hairs are white with age. He could be under no illusion as to the nature of the enterprise in which he was embarked. When he went to the office of 'Town Topics,' week after week, to read the proofs and advise the writers how to avoid libel suits, he was aware that he was engaged in the dirtiest business in town. He waded into the slime with his eyes open. His pretences of virtuous indignation against the follies and sensualities of the 'smart set' are transparent hypocrisy. But enough of this wretch—for, as Mr. Jerome observed, he emerges from the trial shattered in reputation."
—*The New York Evening Post, January 27, 1906.*

The Man With the Muckrake Improved

"Nobody can have observed the aged but unvenerable figure of the editor of 'Town Topics' without being reminded of Bunyan's 'Man with the Muckrake.' This person, we may recall, occupied a separate room in the Interpreter's House. He 'could look no way but downwards,' and his continual occupation in disregard of a 'Celestial crown' that was held above was raking 'to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor.' Perceiving that the raker typified the insensate pursuit of wealth, Christiana prayed, 'Oh! deliver me from this Muckrake'—a prayer which, the Interpreter observed, 'has lain by till 'tis almost rusty.'

"The symbol is evidently appropriate to the minor activities of a successful society journalist, who deals in trash for lucre, but we should do a grave injustice to our new-style Mann with the Muckrake if we did not acknowledge how greatly he has improved upon his primitive prototype. Bunyan's man collected nothing more offensive than litter; our Mann deals in filth, none of which—from palace or back alley—comes amiss. Sticks and straws were the worthless but harmless constituents of the pile


"What is it smells so good
Each morning when I rise?"
"Tis Quaker Oats, our breakfast food,"
The world in concert cries.
Quaker Oats
A MILLION BREAKFASTS



Diamonds on Credit

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Every Gem is guaranteed and may be exchanged any time at full value

Only diamonds of striking brilliance, pure color, perfect cut and polish are sold by Lyon & Co. They are guaranteed in every way by the oldest diamond house in America.

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The Jones Combination Speedometer-Odometer is a practical, compact and durable instrument indicating both Speed and Distance.

Sound in mechanical principle and construction, its accuracy at *all* times is guaranteed.

Send for a copy of the artistic catalog and "Speedometer" bulletin.

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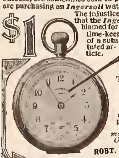


THE *Ingersoll* Dollar Watch

Look for INGERSOLL on the dial!

Imitations, which inevitably follow in the train of success, are sometimes sold to persons who think they are purchasing an *Ingersoll* watch.

The injustice of the thing is that the *Ingersoll* is then blamed for the poor time-keeping of a substituted article.



Only the invaluable patents, the tremendous output (8,000 daily), the organization and experience of years make a watch like the *Ingersoll* possible at One Dollar. The *Ingersoll does* keep accurate time, and is *guaranteed* to do so. And it lasts for years. Imitations, which are unreliable, short-lived and a nuisance while they last, resemble it only in appearance. Their manufacturers have not the facilities for making a real watch for this price, nor have they a reputation of years' standing to sustain.

You can always distinguish the *Ingersoll* Watch by the name on the dial. It answers all the requirements of nine-tenths of the people, and is used largely by prompt, practical business men. *Sold by dealers throughout the country, or postpaid by the makers.* Booklet free. *Other Ingersolls,* \$1.50 and \$1.75. Ladies' "Midget" Ingersoll, \$2.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 58 Jewelers Court, New York

Prevents Wet Feet

The inner soles are made by a patented process so that they resist dampness and keep the foot dry and comfortable, thus preventing colds, pneumonia and other serious sicknesses

Worth Cushion Sole Shoe



Saves the Stockings which means less mending, because the cushion or inner sole makes a soft cushion under the smooth leather on which the foot rests, causing less friction. Made in various styles, heavy and light, lace, button, Congress and dainty Oxfords.

Men's \$4.00 and \$5.00 **Women's \$3.50**

Ask your dealer for them. If he hasn't them send his name to us and we will mail to you our catalogue and find a way to supply you.



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Bed Clothing should be warm and light. Blankets and thick counterpanes should never be put upon the bed. The weight is depressing, retains perspiration, causes nightmare and is unhealthy. Paper Blankets are warmer than woolen, and weigh only eight ounces each. Made of strong sterilized paper, kid finish, will not slip or rustle. Cost less than washing Blankets. They are an application of **A Well-known Scientific Principle.** Every bed should have one between sheet and top cover. Price \$3.00 a dozen, full size; or we will send three full size for sample, postpaid, for \$1.00.

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Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. The field is large comprising the regular theater and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges, and General Public Gatherings. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue and special offer fully explains everything. **Sent Free. CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn Street, Dept. 156, CHICAGO, ILL.**

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American School of Correspondence, at Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, Ill.

TOWN TOPICS *vs.* COLLIER'S

(*Continued from page 24*)

Bunyan supposes; scandal is the chief ingredients of our Mann's pile, and nameless vice only awaits the dexterous stroke of his rake. Moreover, Bunyan's man plies his trade alone, and suffers alone the penalty of his frantic activities; whereas our Mann brandishes his rake on the highroad, bespatters the bystanders as chance or self-interest dictates, and takes handsome toll of those who value their petticoats and gaiters. That is the superiority of muckrakism militant. Bunyan is left far behind.

"Upon many of the contributors to the wielder of the muckrake we have little sympathy to waste. A combination of wealth, notoriety, and loose living makes some of our society people peculiarly vulnerable. Their reckless dissipation is curiously accompanied with a craven dread of exposure. A plutocracy has not yet dared to assume the prerogatives of an aristocracy of birth. The result is that, with a standard of living no higher than that of England and the Continent, and a much greater fear of criticism, our plutocracy is singularly helpless before the assaults of blackmailers of all degrees. Blackmailing has, in fact, become so ridiculously easy an occupation that we seriously doubt if any gentleman of good intellectual parts should condescend to pursue it, so long as the higher forms of burglary and forgery still offer a career open to talent. . . . But, curiously enough, those who morally have the least to fear are the most defenceless. To old offenders, a scandal more or less hardly counts. To quiet gentlefolk, of whom there are many in the country still, the advertisement of their private affairs is an irreparable evil. Such persons are forced to depend for their defence upon courageous and truth-telling editors, and upon the spirit of those who hate blackmail more than they fear scandal. These tacit witnesses of the celebrated case have the greatest interest in the outcome. Whatever its legal effect, the testimony will not fail to produce a general impression that muckrakism is as base an occupation for a gentleman as it is a dubious accomplishment for a jurist."—*New York Evening Post, January 23, 1906.*

The Innocent Colonel

"Everybody works but the colonel,
He sits around all day,
Reading spicy gossip
And *vers de société.*
Daniels and Justice Deuel
Get the best they can.
Everybody works the public
But Colonel Mann."
—*New York Mail, Thursday, January 4, 1906.*

A Jolt to Social Blackmail

"The thriving game of blackmail as it has been played in New York for the last decade has received a rude, and we hope fatal, jolt from the revelations which have accompanied the 'Fads and Fancies' exposé incident upon the libel suit brought by Colonel Mann against Collier's Weekly. In no other community of which we have knowledge could such a scheme of money-making have been so long successful with absolute immunity from shameful exposure and imprisonment. It is no compliment to New York society that it did not lay the ugly ghost of blackmail years ago."—*New Britain Herald, Saturday, December 30, 1905.*

When Deuel's Hunting Coons

"No wonder Reggie Vanderbilt is often not at home
To many other visitors than William T. Jerome.
No wonder H. H. Rogers lurks in loneliness all day
Among his corps of strong-arm men at 26 Broadway.
No wonder John D. lingers long beneath soft Southern moons;
New York is rather dangerous when Deuel's hunting coons.

"The swagger set at Newport know just how the bob-cats feel
When Teddy takes the tangled trail, his hungry hounds at heel;
The people who possess a past they'd rather not recall
Look fondly toward the wildwood where the trees are thick, and all
Society will soon take up a fad for fast balloons,
And soar away to safe strong stars when Deuel's hunting coons.

"Yet why should 'climbers' worry when a 'pleasant paragraph'
Is theirs for just the asking—and a thousand and a half?
And why should stricken coonlets fill with bitterness their cup
When for such a very little their pursuers will let up?
A shot or two does little harm; the wound will heal eftsoons,
For gracious kindness guides the gun when Deuel's hunting coons.

"How grateful all of us should be that our beloved Judge
Is not compelled the whole day long to toil and moil and drudge;
But may, when he is wearied out, give o'er the cares of court
And turn his thoughts and footsteps toward a little pleasant sport!
To fields and flowers and the hunt his spirit be attunes,
And when the rifle cracks we know that Deuel's hunting coons."
—*New York American, January 20, 1906.*

"Blackmailers, like a certain sort of political bosses, ought to keep no books."—*Evening Sun, December 29, 1905.*

The Invasion of Privacy

"The exposures of the methods of a notorious 'society' paper made in a pending suit would be of the gravest consequence if they furnished any indication of the prevailing moral tone in the management of the many thousands of newspapers in this country. It is not too much to say that if the means used by that paper to get circulation and pecuniary profit were general among the more than twenty thousand papers in the United States, social chaos would result.

"The last census enumerates 30,038 'journalists' in this country, of whom more than nine-tenths are men. There is no formal code of ethics for these people, and no official examination for admission into their profession or business is required, as with doctors and lawyers, yet there exists and there prevails among them as high a sense of moral responsibility as that which is enforced upon and distinguishes those two learned professions or any other. The scandal and malicious gossip purveyed by the particular paper concerned are singular to it and perhaps to two or three other papers like it, but the same information comes to or is readily obtainable by the whole number. If great papers should use their large and complicated machinery for the collection of news to get that sort of material for printing, no special vehicle for the conveyance of social scandal could compete with them in that field. So far as concerns decent and proper social information, the daily paper already exhausts the supply. It leaves nothing for a specifically 'society' paper to print except the scandal and gossip which it rejects as unfit for publication.

"Accordingly, the distinctively 'society' paper has at last fallen into disrepute. Men and women who value their reputations do not like to be seen with it in their possession. It is able to exist only by appealing to vanity and frightening timidity. The circle of people whose doings and whose scandals it reports numbers only a few hundred in New York, and in the whole Union only a few thousand. The field covered by it is so small, therefore, that there is little difficulty in obtaining the information which it seeks. Fashionable society as a distinct collection of people is so limited in extent and so closely bound together that knowledge of whatever happens in it of any unusual character is speedily extended to the whole body. It is like a village community, in which the scandal and gossip are soon spread abroad among all the inhabitants.

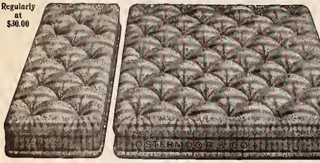
"Moreover, the course of existence of these people is usually humdrum. Newport, for example, is a very dull place even at the height of what is known as its gay season. The season of gayety in New York, limited to the brief period between the Christmas holidays and Lent, is also monotonous in the routine of its social functions, and therefore the hint or insinuation of any scandal in the ranks of fashion is eagerly seized on as a spice of variety. The truth is that generally the tone of that society is as conventionally moral as that of any other circle of people in the town. It is so conspicuous and under so close observation that it can not afford to be otherwise. With very few exceptions it is made up of rather commonplace people, nearly all of whom are Puritanic in their morals. Some of them may covet the reputation of being 'fast,' though actually their behavior is strictly within the lines of social convention. The

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The mattresses are all full double-bed size, 4 feet 6 inches wide, 6 feet 4 inches long, in two parts, with round corners, five-inch inseamed borders, and French Rolled Edges, exactly like illustration.

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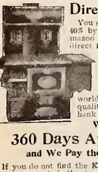
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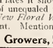


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TOWN TOPICS *vs.* COLLIER'S

(Continued from page 26)

very circumstance that the few scandals among them, real or fictitious, are welcomed with so much gusto indicates how rare is anything like misconduct.

"The paper which devotes itself to the purveying of social scandals has, however, a wide field for its malicious industry. In the history and experience of almost every family and every individual there are likely to be incidents whose publication would be ungrateful to them, no matter how innocent these may be. It is here that the 'society' paper finds its opportunity, and in the circle of fashion, limited in extent as we have explained, information is easily obtainable. It may be procured through detective servants. Very much of it, too, is furnished by the malice of members of the circle itself, because of pique or in revenge for real or imaginary slights. It consists usually of insinuations of impropriety of conduct rather than of facts suggestive of no other conclusion, and oftentimes when the facts are given and are indisputable they are colored in a way to make them false and malicious.

"Now, all this sort of stuff is poured into every considerable newspaper office, and if it gave encouragement to the scandal-mongers it could easily fill many columns with it. Reporters for a great newspaper could terrorize the whole town by peddling out stuff of the sort which comes to their ears. The absence of it from every decent paper demonstrates the severity of the ethical code which governs newspapers and newspaper men.

"The heavy penalty which publicity has imposed on people not intrinsically entitled to it is teaching them that humility and privacy are, after all, the better part.

—*New York Sun, January 23, 1906.*

HIS HONOR.



From the New York Evening Telegram, January 27, 1906

Salutary Revelations

"The people of COLLIER'S WEEKLY have performed a public service. . . . The moment the pending case is determined, its revelations should engage the attention of the District Attorney of New York County and of the Grand Jury of that county with reference to prosecuting the people of 'Town Topics' for the moral and, we believe, for the statutory crime to which they have indirectly confessed, and their confession of which has been practically corroborated by the disclosures which have been made. It is incredible that this conclusion can be avoided or evaded. Not only should a sense of duty constrain the District Attorney of New York County, but a wholesome realization of the imperious demand of public opinion should also seize and sway him. While we recall nothing more disgusting, we can also recall nothing in the long run likely to be more salutary than the revelations which are now being set forth."

—*Brooklyn Eagle, January 20, 1906.*

Mann-damus

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be," said Uncle Polonius.

The Colonel touched J. Pierpont for a thousand bones or two,
He also lifted Ryan to the tune of a just a few,
He got a loan from Vanderbilt, from Whitney something more,
And did some financiering which was never "done" before.

'Twas a Fad and 'twas a Fancy of the Colonel's,
Of the Colonel's,
His paper was security enough,
Ity enough.
And the Colonel's ready paw
Seemed to lurk behind the Law
When he had a Fad and Fancy for the stuff, stuff, stuff.

Some Generals of Industry, reputed as penurious,
Lent freely to the Colonel (the fact alone is curious!);
It must have been that Colonel Mann possessed a winning way
Which so disarmed the Generals they couldn't say him nay.

'Twas a Fad and 'twas a Fancy of the Colonel's,
Of the Colonel's,
He loved to chat of tea and macaroons,
And macaroons,
And when he had a grudge
He referred it to the Judge,
And the two of 'em went gunning after coons, coons, coons.

—*The New York Globe, January 26, 1906.*

Making Blackmail Difficult

"The case now in court may not be the last in which Colonel Mann is interested; but enough has been accomplished by publicity to make blackmailing of this particular kind more difficult than it has been."

—*Providence (Rhode Island) Journal, Saturday, December 30, 1905.*

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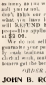
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Editorial Bulletin

NEXT week's Collier's will contain, among other features, two notable short stories. One is the humorous tale by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, announced some weeks ago; the other is the winner of the September-to-December short story contest, written by the author of "Rasselas in the Vegetable Kingdom." The latter, our readers will recall, was published in the Christmas Number, and was one of the nine stories from among which the $5,000 prize winner was chosen by the judges in the $8,000 Fiction Competition of 1904.

Next Week's Stories



Illustration by Walter Appleton Clark for

"AT EPHESUS"

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

Winner of the $1,000 Prize in Collier's Second Quarterly Short Story Competition

THIS story touches upon a matter of serious, often terrible, import—namely the use of a certain drug potent alike for good and evil. Such a theme might prompt a writer of small ability to melodramatic rant, but Mrs. Pangborn works out her tale with sensitive reserve and literary discretion. Besides, she sets forth the exalting belief that a man's fidelity to high ideals will give him strength to conquer the hardest temptations, survive the severest trials and achieve a crowning victory.

"The Puzzler": By Rudyard Kipling

With Illustrations by F. C. Yohn

RUDYARD KIPLING'S present proclivity toward symbolic fiction is emphasized in this story. He tells us not bluntly, grossly, but by playing on our subtler intellectual chords, what the things are that establish sympathy among human beings. It is not vast, upheaving ideas and schemes, whether political or philosophical, economic or artistic, which attract men to one another. It is through trifles that men are brought together with reciprocal good feeling—even, for instance, through the common emotions arising from the escape and recovery of a monkey, than which no beast more aptly typifies the trivial and absurd. The story is told with much vivacity and the keenest humor



Collier's Patent Medicine Campaign Will Not Cease

ONE ingredient is common to all the successful patent medicines, printer's ink. Without it no nostrum is ever widely profitable, for advertising is the mainstay of the trade. In the sixth article of "The Great American Fraud" series, to be published probably February 17 or 24, Mr. Adams takes up this universal phase, perhaps the boldest and most unblushing bunco game now extant. The "testimonial," which is exploited in "proof" of the outrageous claims, also comes in for consideration. Some testimonials are from well-meaning fools. Some are from people who need the money. Some are from United States Senators. All are about equally unconvincing when analyzed as evidence.

"THE Fundamental Fakes," which is the title of the article, is the last of the regular patent medicine series. It is reported that the patent medicine makers have been "lying low," on the theory that this campaign would soon be over, and that the ready forgetfulness of the public could be depended upon to ensure them the old easy profits of their frauds "as soon as the sensation dies out," which includes most of the prominent practitioners of patent medicine bunco. Although the series will close with this article, the campaign will not.

FOR their benefit we shall start a sort of "Frauds' Gallery," to which we expect them to contribute largely. New nostrums will be welcome, as well as new forms of chicanery in the old nostrums. Nor shall we restrict the dishonors of the gallery to members of the association alone. Any medical swindle of importance enough to threaten seriously the public health is eligible. And in the meantime Mr. Adams will be at work in the allied field of Quacks and Quackery.

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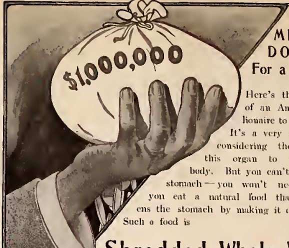

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Visible writing has always been considered as desirable by practically all typewriter manufacturers, but the difficulties to be overcome in construction in order to secure durability have discouraged the very large adoption of these machines. The invention of the method of assembling the type bars as it is done in the Fox Visible has, however, made possible the use of a wide pivotal bearing in the type hanger, thus insuring the most perfect alignment at all times and a durability that is equal to that claimed for any "basket type" machine. In building this new model, we have all the advantage of the knowledge that we have gained in building and placing the regular Fox models on the market and we are able to avoid all those experiments found in new machines which are so expensive to the purchaser.

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THE TYPE HANGER—The cut of the hanger is shown herewith. It has a pivot bearing 7-16 of an inch wide. This allows the use of a heavy type bar, providing an adjustable pivot bearing which takes up wear as it occurs, thereby giving a permanent alignment that is impossible to secure with a narrow bearing without adjustment, and avoiding the trouble caused where "forced alignment" is necessary. This is the feature that has heretofore been considered as being impossible to secure in a visible writing typewriter. It is found only in the Fox and places the Fox Visible in a class by itself.

TWO COLOR RIBBON—The ribbon movement on this machine is simply perfection. It reverses and oscillates automatically, requiring no attention from the operator from the time it is put on until worn out. When a two color ribbon is used, by simply touching a button on the keyboard the second color is secured instantly without raising the hand or even looking.



THE INTERCHANGEABLE CARRIAGE—The carriage is so constructed that it can be quickly removed and a carriage of different length substituted. One machine can be purchased with different sizes of carriages, thereby effecting a great saving over the ordinary method of buying a long carriage machine complete. The carriage is ball bearing and runs with a tension of only 1 pound.

PERFECT VISIBLE WRITING—The entire line is visible all the time.

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THE LINE LOCK—When the carriage reaches the end of a line, the keys lock and nothing more can be written until the release button is used or the carriage returned to begin a new line.

ALUMINUM KEY LEVERS—Key levers are made of aluminum. It is more expensive than steel or wood, but it is very much more desirable.

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Every feature on this machine has been tried out and demonstrated as successful on the Regular Models of the Fox. Unprejudiced experts have without hesitation pronounced the machine a marvel.

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